Liberty

SEPT. 25, 1943 10c

Book:
CORNELL WOOLRICH'S
Mystery Thriller
THE BLACK ANGEL

The Fight Still Rages for the Dutch Indies

I'm going to save this for special occasions...

because Schenley is making War Alcohol exclusively

. . . no whiskey is being distilled these days

Only limited pre-war stocks are available of the choice whiskies used in Schenley Royal Reserve. Thus you may not always be able to get it, but when you do, use Schenley Royal Reserve on special occasions and enjoy it that much longer.

SCHENLEY

ROYAL RESERVE

BLENDED WHISKEY

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY WAR BONDS

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

"Since rationing... you can SEE the difference in tires!"

IN the twenty months folks have had to get along on prewar tires, they've found out that Goodyears *do* have the quality-plus we dealers have always claimed for them.

There's no longer any question about that. Today motorists who bought Goodyears before Pearl Harbor have the proof right on their wheels!

Look at these Goodyear veterans

Here on this page, you see pictured one example of how Goodyear tires are standing up, typical of many cases among our customers.

And mind you, these tires had piled up sizable mileage before gas and speed restrictions began. Now after 52,000 miles, they're still carrying on.

Nor is that all. Carcasses as sound as these will be good for many thousands of miles' additional use, when the time comes for a Goodyear Extra-Mileage recapping job.

FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS
52,000 miles
I want you to know about my set of Goodyears. I got them in October 1940 - just regular four-plies. I expected to trade in my car in a year, however, then Pearl Harbor came along and tire restrictions. These tires now have 52,000 miles on them - and still have enough tread for another 10,000 miles! I drove pretty fast before the war, over all kinds of roads. So my tire mileage isn't due to babying - they're just darned good tires. I only wish I could order another set like them now.
Chas. N. Blanchard
6751 North Newgard Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRES ARE HERE

Now — sooner than expected, but in very limited number — Goodyear synthetic rubber tires are available to essential civilian drivers holding "B" and "C" cards. These are the best synthetic rubber tires that can be made with materials now available.

Whether or not you are eligible for these tires, make the most of the reserve mileage remaining in your present Goodyears. Have them inspected regularly; install LifeGuards to protect them from puncture injuries; follow wartime driving rules. As the miles mount up, you'll find yourself saying like so many others, *"As soon as I can get new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"*

For Victory BUY BONDS

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

LifeGuard—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

•

A New Thrill in Radio

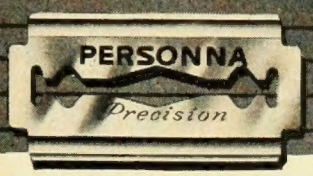
GOODYEAR "SALUTE TO YOUTH"

with Raymond Paige and his Young Americans • Nadine Conner

NBC TUESDAY NIGHTS

See local paper for time

THE MASTER HAND MEANS
PERFECTION
IN
PERSONNA
Precision Double Edge Blades



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and worth it

Master Cutlers hollow-grind Personnas from finest Swedish steel, and leather-strop each one. They also give every blade the going-over of its life in 17 inspections. Result—perfect blades, perfect shaves, *always*. Fits all double edge razors.

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Fine as a Rare Jewel

If your dealer can't supply you, write to Department D, Personna Blade Co., Inc., 599 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

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Loss of Wages reimbursed, up to	$300.00
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Don't wait for trouble to strike! Many a man's savings of years have been wiped out by a few weeks of misfortune. Take out our liberal hospitalization policy now and know that your doctor and hospital bills will be paid. Only 3 cents a day gives you a freedom of mind worth far more. Individuals or whole families (to age 70) are eligible, and you may go to any U. S. or Canadian hospital, under any physician's care.

MAIL COUPON TODAY. No agent will bother you.

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Please send, without obligation to me, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.
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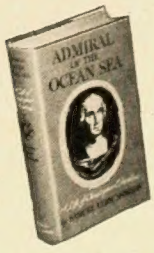

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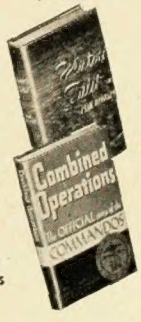

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From the Great Smoky Mountains a new pipe —light in weight!

Again America has given Americans a new treasure! A virgin forest, deep in North Carolina, now sends out pipes astonishingly light in weight, remarkably sweet-smoking! Ask your dealer to let you weigh a Breezewood pipe in your hand—then buy one, and discover America's big success story in pipe-smoking pleasure! Ask for the pipe from the Great Smokies—Breezewood!

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your Hands for Other Tasks

The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you when working, driving, or whenever your hands are busy.

Copy. 1943. The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

"BOSWELL" UNKNOWN

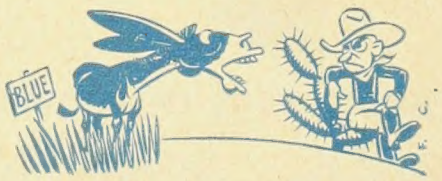
FRAZER, MONT.—I want to ask you how come Mr. Herb Graffis claims Charley Dunkley as the nation's most widely read sports writer in his article Boswell of Brawn (Aug. 21 Liberty)?

Out here in the West we very seldom read any of Dunkley's writings in the newspapers.—*Richard Blutalk.*

Mr. Graffis' point was that Charley Dunkley is widely read but *anonymous*. Maybe you read more of his stuff than you think.

THE TEXAS BATTLE

TOLEDO, OHIO—Sergeant Owen brayed that he would not trade one half acre of Kentucky blue grass for all of Texas



(Aug. 14 Vox Pop). Well, sergeant, any Texan would dispute the contention that you have one half acre of good land in the whole state.—*Buddy Kincannon.*

THE POSTMASTER, N. Y.—I would like to meet Sgt. L. C. Owen. Yes, meet him any time, bare fists or gloves, for no one ever says such things about Texas and lives to brag about it.—*Sgt. Speed Thornton.*

SABINAL, TEX.—When I first saw Harlan I thought it a fair town, but there ain't a cow in Texas if you haven't soured me forever on the State of Kentucky.—*Gene Mear.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Let's all give Sgt. L. C. Owen a vote of thanks. Texans have a funny habit of wandering to the biggest cities in the country to earn a living. Then they spend all their leisure hours talking about the tough men, beautiful women, and rich land of the Lone Star State. But they *never go back!*—*Big-City Nell.*

THOSE JAP CAMPS

BANNING, CALIF.—After reading Liberty for many years, to have it come into my home with such a disgraceful article as that written by Maxine Davis, The Truth About Jap Camps (August 7 issue), is disgusting. Either this person has never been around the yellow rats or Maxine Davis is a Jap lover.

It is useless to go into detail on this matter. All I can say is that if you are going to have such writers as Maxine Davis on your staff, please discontinue at once my subscription to Liberty. You might inform Miss Davis that the only use we have for Japs in California would be for fertilizer. Thank God, there are a few real Americans left that can keep them in their place.—*W. H. Chapman.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—In behalf of the staff of the Chicago relocation office of the War Relocation Authority, I desire to express to you and the authors of the two recent articles in Liberty on the American Japanese and the relocation program, our very great appreciation.

The wide circulation of Liberty magazine and the correctness and simplicity of the articles will go a long way toward creating a better understanding of the War Relocation Authority program.—*Elmer L. Shirrell, Relocation Supervisor.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have just finished reading Maxine Davis' article, The Truth About Jap Camps.

Having visited six of the ten relocation centers and spent a week at Poston, I want to express my appreciation for Miss Davis' very accurate and objective picture of the situation in the War Relocation Authority centers. I have followed developments in our treatment of our West Coast évacués very carefully, and Liberty is to be commended for being a magazine that has the courage and foresight to print this kind of factual statement.—*George B. Corwin, National Council of the Y. M. C. A.*

THANKS FROM MARIA

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.—First I want to thank you for picking so flattering a letter to run about me—the one (Aug. 7 Vox Pop) written by George Hughes, Jr., Pfc., of Orlando, Florida.

I can't tell you what a kick I got out of this. Will you please try to give me the complete mailing address of Pfc.

George Hughes, Jr., as I would love to drop the soldier a note telling him how I appreciate his reactions.

Thanks again for getting me in print in what I consider one of the most interesting pages of any magazine in the country.—*Maria Montez.*

Pfc. Hughes will appreciate your thought, Maria—but don't be disappointed at our not printing his full address. The wrong people can find easy racket victims by using a national publication as a "sucker list."

Who is this man who saw the Gordons' future?

The Gordons didn't know him when he called, that fateful evening just two months ago. Yet they're forever grateful for his "second sight."

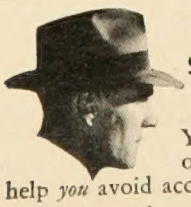
"Every three years," the man had said, "the average driver has an accident. It's my job to spare *you* the years of suffering that accidents have meant to others . . . and you *could* meet tragedy tomorrow!"

Bill Gordon wasn't really worried. He was a careful driver. With wartime restrictions, he wasn't driving much. But it *did* happen, only a week after the man had called.

Bill was driving to work. He saw another car approach—too late! Several people were badly hurt and the court said Bill must pay heavy damages.

If the man who guessed their future had not convinced the Gordons that they should have insurance, they would have lost their War Bonds and their home; they'd have had to *mortgage* their future to pay the judgment!

Who saved the Gordons from financial ruin?



He is a representative of the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company

Yes, and there are 7,000 others like him, ready to help *you* avoid accident loss!

They can show you startling facts which make auto insurance vital in wartime. For instance: *most* accidents have always occurred at speeds *less* than 35 miles per hour. Personal injury damages tend to be *higher*. Repair costs are *up!*

They can describe Liability and Property Damage insurance that is so low in cost no driver can afford to be without it . . . State Farm's *More-Auto-Insurance-For-Your-Money* Plan. This plan has made State Farm the biggest auto insurance company in the world. It has saved more than a million policyholders in excess of $50,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance!

State Farm policies are non-assessable. Rates are adjusted to the type of gas ration card you have. There are special coverage provisions if you "share the ride." Other important coverages available are:

80% Collision coverage. This is America's most popular collision insurance. It pays 80c of every collision repair bill dollar from the very first dollar, and everything over $250.

Medical Payments coverage pays medical or funeral costs of members of your family and guest passengers in accidents for which you are not liable, for less than 1c a day.

Comprehensive coverage protects you from loss due to fire, theft, and thirty other causes.

Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Expense coverage pays 80% of expenses incurred on a highway for mechanical first aid, towing, and a number of other expenses. It also pays 80% of fee or premium paid for a bail bond required for traffic offense.

State Farm offers similar advantages in Fire and Life insurance. Ask *your friend*, the State Farm Agent, about them. (*The names in this advertisement are fictitious.*) BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS and STAMPS TODAY!

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

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Canadian Office: Toronto, Can.

FREE to Drivers — New Informative Booklet

MR. G. E. MECHERLE LB-93
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

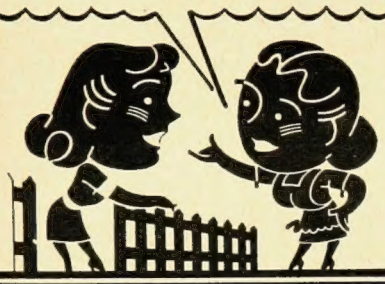
Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

I've found that just
a simple dash
Of Mustard lends
real lure to hash!
It costs no points,
but bear in mind-
You want the
keystone-labeled kind!



2 KINDS
Brown
and
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57

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PREPARED MUSTARD

Save Fingers with
Steel-Grip Finger Guards
Perfect for burring, grinding, polishing, punch press work, etc. Durable leather with elastic web back. 10c each postpaid.
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Get a ZEUS
Filter CIGARETTE HOLDER
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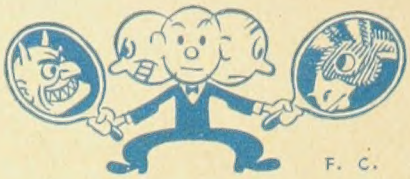
AT ALL GOOD STORES L & H Stern, Inc., B'klyn, N. Y.

ADVICE TO RASCALS

ROGERS, ARK.—Your quotation from Josh Billings on page 58 of August 14 Liberty reminds me of one of his paragraphs which I read when I was a young boy.

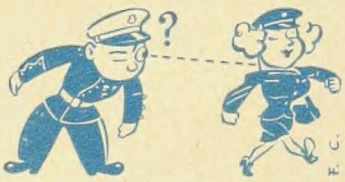
"Before a man deliberately makes up



his mind to be a raskill, he better examine hisself clussly tew assertain if he isent better constitooted fer a phool."—*F. H. Duff.*

HONEST MOVIES

BRYAN, TEX.—With juvenile delinquency becoming such a problem that all of our newspapers are discussing it, The Case for Honest Movies, by Sam Wood (July 31 Liberty), is worse than disgusting. He claims to make this plea in the name of art. I have never seen anything very artistic about filth, whether it is in a book, a movie, or the back yard.—*Fay Baird.*



OUCH!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—And as to the Lady Marines—are they to be known as "Leather Neck-lasses"?—*M. G. Grace.*

FISHBACK FAN

INDIO, CALIF.—Unless my eyes deceive me, there has been a decided improvement in Liberty. The articles seem to be better and even a man enjoys reading Margaret Fishback's witty Woman-Talk.—*Owen H. Barnhill.*

INGENIOUS YANKS

SAN JOSE, CALIF.—I have just finished your short short story Hooray for the Yanks (August 21 Liberty). The story says the crew had to shed their clothes to their shorts in order to make the plane's load lighter. However, in the picture with the story the crew is fully clothed.

Could you tell me how they got their clothes back so soon?—*Al C. Gordon, Jr.*

We wish you readers would stop asking this type of question—especially when we have no satisfactory explanation.

BEDS DE-BEARED

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO—Dr. Eduard Benes' fine article on Russia (August 21 Liberty) ought to make a lot of misinformed people quit looking under their beds at night to see if that big black bear is hiding there.—*Lemuel Wasburn.*

CITY SLICKER'S SIDE

VINCENNES, IND.—In August 7 Vox Pop two farmerettes said that they did not like city girls to pose as farmerettes, because most city girls have never done a lick of farm work.

May I remind these two farmerettes that we city girls also have to make a living, even if it is posing as farmerettes?—*P. R. W.*

CIRCUS FAN

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.—Never have I written to any magazine for any reason, but after reading America's Flying Circus, by Grant Parr (Aug. 7 Liberty), I felt I should like to point out one slight error.

Lieutenant Gordon Ryerson was from Denton, New York, not Green Pastures, and I believe his family still resides there.

While I'm at it, let me thank you for six years of interesting stories and articles.—*Dorothy Sherman.*

SUBTLE CARTOON?

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Now you've got me thinking that my friends may have reasons for tapping their foreheads when they speak of me.

I can't get the gag of that cartoon at the left top of page 58 in August 21 Liberty.

I think we readers of Liberty are entitled to an explanation. What's it about?—*C. O. Scoville.*

One soldier in a gun battery is handing a second soldier a shell which presently will be inserted and fired. The second soldier says "Thank you." We thought it was completely incongruous, therefore completely funny. But we're not always right.

SHALL WE REFORM 'EM?

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—I heartily endorse Mrs. Lila Ryon's criticism of present-day fiction (July 31 Vox Pop). "Less

war and murder, and fewer heroines who drink, smoke, and swear."—*May Van Eltrym.*

PICTURE REUNION

STONEHAM, MASS.—The July 31 issue of Liberty includes a picture of Japs on Guadalcanal surrendering to American troops. One of the Americans seems to be my husband—a Marine officer.

The picture is on page 11.—*Priscilla Mc.*

NEXT WEEK

EVERYTHING FROM NOW ON IS PAIN

By Sylvia F. Porter

Think your taxes are high? You ain't seen nuthin' yet! Congress is all set to draw the purse strings around the necks of the $2,000 to $20,000 earners.

THE NEW ZIEGFELD

By Earl Wilson

Mike Todd was a millionaire at twenty-one, broke at twenty-two. A candid close-up of the mass-production producer who is one of Broadway's most fabulous characters.

SEED OF VICTORY

By Hugh Pentecost

Another machine-gun-pace yarn about Max Chandler, two-fisted columnist and racket buster.

ZIZ-BOOM WARFARE

By Leonard Engel

Rocket guns are coming into their own. We've done plenty of pioneering in the field—and the Axis has nothing to match the results.

FOOTBALL FORECAST FOR '43

By Bill Stern

One of America's keenest sports analysts gives you his dope on the approaching football season.

SALVAGED SOLDIERS

By Sidney Shalett

The Army is reclaiming its own prisoners at rehabilitation centers. The results have been gratifying, and the case histories prove that psychology, psychiatry, and sociology work just as well with khaki as with mufti.

GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

A full-color portrait by Lieutenant Commander McClelland Barclay. One of the last paintings of the famous artist who was recently reported "missing in action."

CENTENNIAL SUMMER

By Albert E. Idell

Liberty's Book Condensation

A gay, carefree novel about a robustious father and his high-spirited family that will keep you laughing long after you've finished it.

Enhanced by each passing year is the fame of this distinguished Kentucky whiskey

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

To taste Old Crow today is to savor the same perfection in whiskey which generations of critical drinkers have known and applauded

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

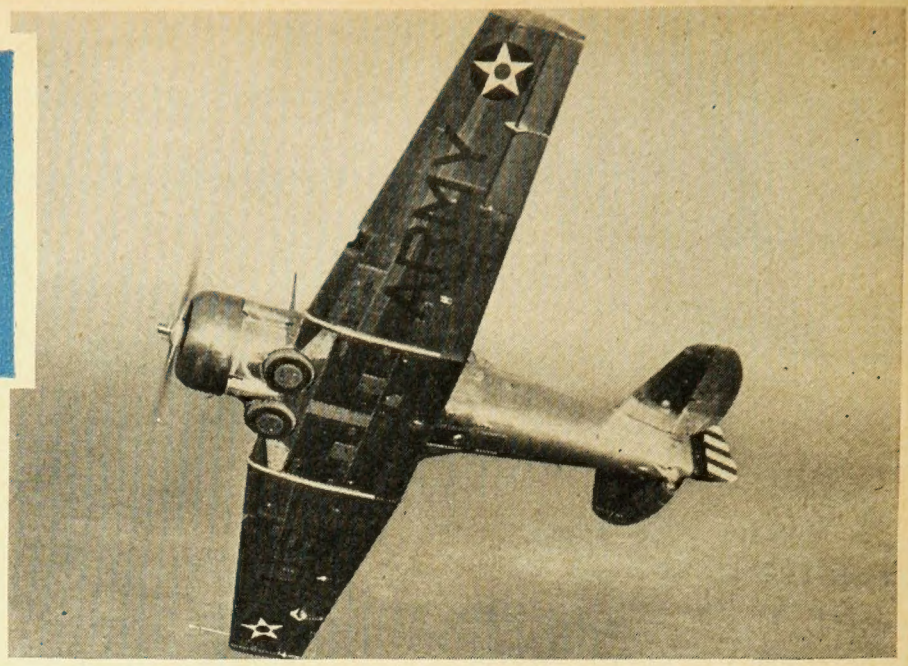
A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



Thousands of pilots in the air forces of the United Nations have received their advanced flying instruction in North American Aviation's AT-6 Texan.

All-Purpose Plane

Demonstrating the genius and flexibility of engineering in American combat airplanes, the Army Air Forces has converted its best all-round fighter into an all-purpose plane combining the best features of a fighter, a ground attack plane, and a bomber. It is the North American A-36, called the Invader and built around the lines of the P-51 Mustang.

Powered by a twelve-cylinder Allison liquid-cooled engine and with flying speed exceeding 400 miles per hour, the A-36 can dive on a target at terrific speed, release its bombs, and then fight it out with fighter planes. Less than 200 pounds was added to the normal gross weight of the P-51 fighter to equip the new fighter dive bomber with dive-bombing equipment, which in itself is an engineering achievement, for every pound of increased weight detracts materially from performance.

The A-36 can climb nearly half a mile a minute and has a 30,000-foot ceiling. Normal diving speed with brakes extended is 450 miles per hour. The pilot is protected by armor plate, and he has two .50-caliber guns synchronized to fire through the three-bladed propeller and .50-caliber guns in the wings. One bomb rack was installed in each wing to hold either bombs or droppable fuel tanks.

Mitchell Vindicated

It was in the fall of 1918 in World War I that the late Major General William ("Billy") Mitchell made plans for the first airborne landings behind enemy lines. The armistice interfered, and until the present war no country had actually experimented with what seemed to be a radical idea. Ground-force officers remained skeptical until the invasion of Sicily.

Well equipped American paratroops have proved that Billy Mitchell was right—an airborne invasion dropped behind enemy lines can be highly effective. In Sicily this airborne movement advanced ground operations by an entire week.

One airborne combat team held off an entire German panzer division for four days, until ground troops relieved them, knocking out thirteen German tanks with anti-tank weapons and light artillery. Major General Joseph M. Swing, co-ordinator of airborne plans on General Dwight D. Eisenhower's staff, said, "Operations in Sicily have proved the Airborne Division."

Thus the concept of Billy Mitchell in 1918 has finally found a place in U. S. war strategy in 1943 and enhances even more the utility of the airplane in combat areas.

Gas Needs

When you are tempted to use gasoline for pleasure driving, give a thought to our pilots abroad. The job of shipping fuel for our airplanes in the many theaters of war is stupendous. Airplanes use 100-octane gas, which is of far higher quality than the gas you burn in your automobiles, but the transportation facilities to the east coast ports are strained just the same.

A million gallons of gas may be burned up in one large-scale raid over Germany. This is one third of a large tanker's capacity. It takes only two or three days for planes and crews to fly across, but it takes three months from source to destination to get the fuel over.

High-octane gasoline is one of the most precious of all war products. With it we have real air power; without it our planes are as useless as a bathing suit in the Arctic. It's worth thinking about.

Glider Development

Glider experts of the Royal Air Force and the U. S. Army Air Forces are setting out to prove the utility of plane-towed gliders. And they seem to have established some very good records. First, an R. A. F. plane towed a fully loaded glider from Montreal to Great Britain early in July, a distance of 3,500 miles. The nonstop record on this trip was 1,177 miles.

Not to be outdone, the A. A. F. on July 18 towed two fully loaded gliders from Sheppard Field in Texas to Maxton Air Base in North Carolina to set a new nonstop record of 1,234 miles under adverse weather conditions. The entire flight required 9 hours and 45 minutes.

The flight "may have far-reaching implications in solving maintenance problems for A. A. F. fighter and bombardment units in theaters of operation," the Army commented.

Naval Transport

Although not so well publicized as the Army's Air Transport Command, the Naval Air Transport Service has not lacked for spectacular achievements. The Navy Department announced recently that its transport planes delivered a 45,000-pound shipment of parts and supplies to an Atlantic base 1,500 miles distant in 26 hours.

Remarkable feature of this huge air shipment was that it required only eight transport planes, and the job was accomplished in about one third the time expected. Just figure it out for yourself—eight airplanes, 45,000 pounds, 1,500 miles one way, and all done in 26 hours! Chalk up a commendable record for the U. S. Navy.

Odds and Ends

Northeast Airlines has introduced a horizontal timetable said to be much easier on the eyes than the old vertical arrangement.

BRILLIANCE WITH A PURPOSE

Like mirrors and jewels is the sparkle of polished metal parts in an Allison—but the eye cannot begin to see the perfection this brilliance reflects.

For one of the challenges in making aircraft engines is this . . .

To preserve—by exquisite accuracy of manufacture and finish—all of the inherent strength and endurance in every ounce of material used.

This need for perfection is nothing new to Allison. For years it has been our special province to handle metals with precision and lapidarian skill.

In today's tasks we are advantaged by all that General Motors has to offer in production techniques.

The result is a liquid-cooled aircraft engine which in performance can speak for itself—and an engine which we are resolved to make the finest in the world.

KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY MORE BONDS

POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
P-51—Mustang

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

till the lights go on again

THE railroads face tasks today that are difficult to picture.

Passenger traffic has just about doubled in the last year.

A troop train starts off every six minutes of the day and night.

A freight train starts off every four seconds.

All this must be handled with just about the same equipment the railroads had before the war.

That means greatly increased wear and tear on engines, cars, rails and other equipment. And till the war is over, and the lights go on again, adequate replacement will not be possible.

But the day is coming when this replacement will be imperative. And it is going to take billions of dollars.

Where will this money come from?

We think the right way to provide it is to permit the railroads to build up adequate reserves now which can be used to pay for new cars and locomotives, new track and other facilities to replace those now being worn out in war service.

If this is done, the railroads will be able to keep on providing the dependable, low-priced transportation which made possible the peacetime growth and development of this country, and which is now an essential part of the nation's war effort.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

THEY LET GEORGE DO IT

BY BETTY MILTON GASKILL

SENATOR WALTER FRANKLIN GEORGE is one of the most powerful lawmakers in this country. As chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, a post he holds by virtue of the Senate seniority system and his own political influence, he wields the power of life or death to many a postwar plan—the power to tax.

He has fathered every important tax law in the United States for the past three years, and political observers are re-examining his views and his record for a hint as to the shape of things economic to come. Indeed, the adroit imposing of taxes, easing the burden on one group while bearing down on another, could conceivably shape the character of our political thinking as wel as mold our future economic life.

Some politicians just talk big, but not Senator Walter George, who master-minds our tax laws. He's one who really calls the shots

The influence of Senator George is recognized in the Capitol, though little known to most U. S. citizens. In 1941 he drafted the first of the large war tax bills. In 1942 he raised twenty-five billion dollars in taxes, more money than anybody had known it was possible to squeeze from the American public. This year, while other congressmen wrangled over the merits of the Ruml pay-as-you-go plan, George drafted a substitute bill and got it passed. The Victory tax was his idea. And if pay-as-you-go does not raise the required amount to finance the war,

(Continued on page 30)

The carbide goes off like machine-gun fire. The sheriff and his posse hit that wire. They sprawl all over.

MY BITTER HALF

Another hilarious tale of Rocky Ford and his small-fry partner, "Junior Blitz," in which all his good intentions are again thwarted by droll circumstance

BY JOHN D. WEAVER

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE RONAY

I'VE got on my new double-breasted pin-stripe, new shirt, new shoes, red carnation in the buttonhole. A sartorial vignette.

"Kate," I says to my bitter half, "I look like Paul McNutt."

"Rocky Ford," she says, "you behave yourself tonight. Don't unbutton your vest after dinner, and don't act surprised when you see the good china on the table."

"What've you been married to for the last ten years?" I says. "A boorjwa?"

"The maid's name is Janet," Kate says, "and you needn't let on we don't have a full-time girl."

She straightens my polka-dot tie, pats my hair, and says, "You look real nice, darling."

Now "darling" is a pleasant expression I haven't heard recently in our Meadow Park love nest, due to an unfortunate circumstance which could have happened to anybody, but it's just my luck it happened to me. I mean to say, I checked in the City Hall press room one day a couple weeks ago, gave the city desk a couple items for the noon, then settled down to a quiet game of pitch with the boys. A routine day. At least it would've been routine if the mayor's oldest daughter (the gawky one, built like a column rule) hadn't picked that particular day to get en-

gaged to one of the Navy's bright new j. g.s, and so His Honor popped in the press room with the tidings and a bottle of whisky.

One thing led to another, and I didn't get home till nearly midnight, and by an unlucky coincidence it was the same evening I'd promised to take Kate and her mother to a church supper.

Well, I'll spare you the painful details, but for the next two weeks there was an arctic breeze blowing over the house, and Kate didn't begin to thaw out until (1) I promoted a fifty-dollar bonus for digging up an exclusive policy story, and (2) I suggested that for Kate's birthday we invite her folks over for a double-truck feed. Kate thought it was a swell idea, and the first thing she did was down-payment a new dining-room set, so she could show her folks she'd made as good a catch as her sister who snagged an uptown lawyer with a Princeton education.

"You take Herbert to the bus terminal with you," Kate says, when I stop to admire my new suit in the hall mirror. "I've got him all cleaned up for tonight, and I want to keep him that way."

HERBERT'S my side kick, a two-gun tike we've adopted for the duration while his dad, Kate's oldest brother, helps the Navy clean up the seas. Herbert's a freckled, gap-toothed blister, full of the Wild West gunplay he picks up from the comics and radio serials. He's a member of the Dusty Dalton Prairie Patrol, and every afternoon from five thirty to six, all small talk has to stop in the Rocky Ford parlor while Dusty thunders across the national networks, rounding up bad hombres. Herbert knows all the secret codes and passwords, and he swaggers around our suburban wasteland in a tin helmet, Superman sweat shirt (also a deputy sheriff's badge), and cowboy pants. He packs a shooting iron on either hip. A rough-'n'-ready customer.

"Herbert," I says to the kid, who's out in the back yard teaching the knee-pants commandos of the neighborhood about judo, "we've got a secret mission."

"O. K., Rocky," the kid says, playfully flipping a redheaded ranger over his left shoulder. "What's up?" Herbert checks his cap pistols to see if he's got plenty of ammunition.

"We've got to go down to the bus depot and corral your Cousin William."

This William is a slow-brained character who's coming to town on a furlough, and Kate's turned the spare bedroom over to him. The only way I can figure out William got in the Army is they're not using the Army Alpha in this war.

Herbert and I hop in the car, and we're just pulling out of the garage when Kate comes to the kitchen door and reminds me dinner's at seven thirty.

"You've just got time to make it," she says, "if you don't stop off somewhere."

"Why, Kate," I says, opening my big innocent brown eyes, "where would I be stopping off? Remember, I am no longer a drinking man." And for the last thirteen days, friends, it's the truth. A reformed citizen.

"I'm warning you, Rocky," says Kate in that .50-caliber tone of hers, "if you do anything to disgrace me in front of my folks tonight, I'll make you regret it as long as you live, so help me."

"Kate," I says, "I have the strength of ten because my heart is pure."

We drive leisurely downtown to the bus terminal, which is only half a week's gas ration from our suburban paradise. All along the dark stretch of the Lake Road, Herbert keeps a shooting iron cocked and ready, just in case there's trouble lurking behind the mesas. When we breeze into the bus station I spot a sign which plainly says COCKTAILS, so I know where to look for Cousin William.

"Herbert," I says, "you wait here, and if I'm not out in twenty minutes, round up a posse."

"Sure, Rocky," the kid says, hitching up his pants.

I stroll into the cocktail lounge, and there's William at the bar, buying drinks for what looks like half his regiment.

"Rocky," says William, "you need refortification."

"Not thirsty," I tell him. I know when Kate means business.

"Scotch, rye, or bourbon?" says William.

"Don't indulge," I says, will power like iron.

It takes a lot of time and talk to drag William away from the brass rail, and when the party finally begins to break up, I'm talked into being a good guy and drinking one short beer. But only one. The second I don't touch. Kate, I figure, is going to be proud of me.

We pick up Herbert, who's disappointed William isn't carrying a Garand, a bayonet, and a pocketful of grenades. I spot a phone booth, so I duck in to call Kate and tell her we've had a little trouble, but not to worry, we're on the beam now.

"The folks just this minute came in the door," Kate says. "You hurry, darling." Then she sends a kissing sound over the line to her hero.

Rocky Ford, I think to myself, you ought to've reformed years ago.

WE hustle William in the car and head for home. Home. The word has a new meaning for me since I reformed. I feel like a Longfellow poem, a red-schoolhouse sampler, a Mother's Day card. A blissful mood, which is suddenly broken when we hit that dark stretch of the Lake Road between town and Meadow Park. The left rear wheel gets to hobbling like a pegleg sailor on a spree. In addition to William, I find we've picked up another sharp object—a nail.

"I'll change it," says William, sitting down on the running board, while Herbert and I drag out the jack and the lug wrench.

Then William pitches in to help. He holds the flashlight.

"They got this thing down to a science now," says William.

I'm sweating like a Derby winner. I've got grease all over me, and I've torn my new shirt in two places. I've also got a sore toe which the jack happened to fall on.

"It's as easy as changing your shoes," says William, and when I coldly suggest he get off the running board, he sits down on an empty oil drum at the side of the road. He spreads my new pin-stripe coat over the drum for a slip cover.

Rocky, I tell myself, you've got to restrain this homicidal impulse.

(*Continued on page 52*)

"Sherman," the girl says, "wiggle your ears and make 'im laugh."

GIRL MEETS VISION

Jennifer Jones was an unknown without experience—yet she pulled down the juiciest acting plum in Hollywood. Here's the real-life miracle behind the year's miracle picture

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

JENNIFER JONES is probably the only girl in the history of Hollywood who has had a studio gamble $2,000,000 on her. Right smack on the nose. That the former tent-show girl (Jennifer wasn't kidding when she said, "Tomorrow night East Lynne") should have been chosen to play the coveted lead in The Song of Bernadette, one of 1943's most ambitious movies, has Hollywood pretty well puzzled. The usual theory there is (1) that the worst actors in the world come from tent shows; and (2) that a producer can't make money on a picture without a "name."

William Perlberg, producer at Twentieth Century-Fox, is responsible for Jennifer Jones being a $2,000,000 gamble. Perlberg read the Franz Werfel story of Bernadette, the peasant girl of Lourdes whose simple faith worked miracles, while it was still in galley proofs. He admits he was a skeptic, all set to scoff at miracles. when he first started reading, but before he had finished he, too, had come to believe in the vision of Bernadette. The next morning he rushed into the office of William Goetz, vice-president in charge of production, and urged that the studio buy the screen rights at once. "If it can do this to me," he exclaimed, with Ave Maria ringing in his ears, "it will do it to thousands of other people!"

Now, Hollywood hasn't gone in much for religious pictures in the past few years. The few it has made didn't seem to fare very well at the box office. So some of the movie executives were squeamish. Would moviegoers be willing to accept girl-meets-vision as a substitute for girl-meets-boy? But the majority of them were all for buying the screen rights. "Let the Warner Brothers discover Russia," one of them said kiddingly; "Twentieth will discover religion."

Franz Werfel was given a check for $82,000 and the deal was set. To direct his expensive religious epic, Perlberg chose old-timer Henry King, who in 1922 directed Lillian Gish in The White Sister—by far the most successful of the Hollywood religious pictures.

Then followed the frantic search for a Bernadette. Twentieth was in a pretty predicament. With a flock of high-salaried wrens on its pay roll, every one of them a knockout at the box office, not one of them was eligible to play a potential saint. It just wouldn't do for Betty Grable, pin-up girl, to play the peasant maid of Lourdes. Nor Gene Tierney, a sarong girl. Nor

was Alice Faye the type. Furthermore, the girl who played Bernadette would have to be a phenomenally capable actress. Bernadette has 239 "sides." Enough to floor even a Helen Hayes.

Teresa Wright, Anne Baxter, Linda Darnell, and Mary Anderson were among the "names" considered. But then Perlberg and King decided that it would be better to have an actress who had never been identified with other parts. For instance, when you see Bernadette kneeling in the smoldering dump at Massabielle, you are not supposed to think of Uncle Charlie's niece or Lou Gehrig's wife. Perlberg and King really meant it when they said they were searching for an unknown. They didn't mean they wanted an "unknown" like Vivien Leigh or Ingrid Bergman.

Among the unknowns tested, and they were tested by the dozens, was Jennifer Jones. She was still in the running when the number of possible Bernadettes had been whittled down to six. Their final test was to be their reaction to the vision. It was the scene in the book where Bernadette, in the act of removing her wooden shoes and coarse stockings so she can follow her sister and friend across the icy Gave, sees in a near-by cave the beautiful "Lady." There was no elaborate set. No emotional music. No radiant vision. A man stood behind the camera and waved a stick. And the girls reacted. "All of them did exceedingly well," King said afterward, "but only Jennifer Jones actually *saw* the vision."

On December 8, 1942, Jennifer was signed to play Bernadette Soubirous. After signing, she hurried home and put in a long-distance call to her husband in New York, and then was quietly and thoroughly ill. Being a $2,000,000 gamble was enough to make any serious young actress sick to her stomach.

ACTUAL production on The Song of Bernadette did not start until March, 1943. In the meantime the master minds at the studio decided to keep it quiet that Jennifer Jones was married and had two small children. There hadn't been such hedging since Ingrid Bergman arrived from Stockholm and the bright boys at Mr. Selznick's workshop tried to make the press believe that their new star was free, white, and barely twenty-one. They didn't get away with the "free" stuff for long—what with Miss B. proudly showing pictures of her little daughter Pia to every one who came on the set.

Similarly, Jennifer Jones quite frankly reported, when interviewed, that her life had not been exactly sheltered. Twentieth's $2,000,000 gamble was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the only child of Phil R. and Flora Mae Suber Isley. She was christened Phylis—with one "l." Her father and mother were owners, operators, and stars of the Isley Stock Company. They trouped throughout the Southwest, pitching their tent on the outskirts of prosperous towns and putting on their versions of such pieces as East Lynne and The Old Homestead at popular prices.

In the summer Jennifer hung around papa's shows, but in the winter she went to the Edgemere School in Oklahoma City, where she aired all the stage tricks she had picked up in the summer—thereby making the other kids in the school plays look like so many dummies in a department-store window. "I guess I spread it on pretty thick," she says. At the Monte Cassino School, run by the Benedictine sisters, she distinguished herself in such plays as Mrs. Moonlight and Sun-Up.

In her junior year at Monte Cassino she decided she was wasting her time if she was going to be an actress. She summoned up courage and wrote Katharine Cornell, her idol, though she had never seen her, a letter: "Should a young beginner get started as soon as possible in a good New York dramatic school, or should she go to college?" To the surprise of every one except Jennifer, Miss Cornell answered im-

(*Continued on page 72*)

Here are both of them—new and bright stars Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker, at home with their sons Michael and Bobbie.

ONE HUNDRED JAPS FOR EVERY GUERRILLA

Natives on the island of Timor lead a guerrilla pack train's ponies to a secret stronghold deep in the interior.

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

TWO hours before dawn. In single file, a column of silent men advances with catlike stealth through the dark, dense jungle of southeastern Borneo. They wear the green uniforms of the Netherlands East Indies Army.

On the ridge of a hill overlooking the coastal plain and Macassar Strait they deploy in the tall dewy grass. Down there are the oil wells, derricks, tanks and installations of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, destroyed by the Dutch early in 1942 but now put to good use by the little bandy-legged men of the Mitsui Gomei Kaisha.

The soldiers—some Dutch, some Indonesians—set up their machine guns and move down the hill. The Jap sentries are overpowered by noiseless commando tactics. The dynamiters jump forward.

The dynamiters work in crews of three and four. During the Jap invasion in January, 1942, they blasted a $30,000,000 oil plant in less than three hours. They set up dynamite charges in the machine shop, slugged the precision instruments with sledge hammers, blew up the power station, wrecked the machinery with acetylene torches. With the Japs only a quarter of a mile away, they opened the valves of the tanks, lifted the pumps and let them fall into the wells, or poured concrete into the wells.

Today they just use fire bombs on the nearest tanks, plant dynamite sticks under the piping system. Split-second timing is imperative—swift attack and swift withdrawal.

A terrific blast rouses the Jap garrison. Their guns start barking; armored cars rumble against the hill. Up there the Dutch machine guns open up, mowing down the Jap infantrymen behind the cars. Hand grenades blast three cars. A few minutes later, when the remaining Japs reach the hilltop, the Dutch are gone, swallowed up by the jungle.

That night, at secret guerrilla headquarters "somewhere" in eastern Borneo, another page is added to the Indies guerrilla report. One guerrilla lost in action, three wounded. The Japs have lost more than a hundred men, besides three armored cars. Operations at the oil field are halted for two months at least.

On March 8, 1942, the Dutch government radio at Bandoeng, Java, signed off with a last message: "Good-by until better times. Long live the Queen!" Radio Tokyo boasted that the occupation of the Netherlands East Indies was completed in less than two months after the start of the invasion on January 10.

In June, however, Radio Tokyo came out with the perplexing statement that "Dutch and Allied troops in the Indies were being encircled."

A patrol goes out. These guerrillas know all

In July and August they were "mopped up" and "annihilated," respectively. Since then no month has passed without Tokyo's admission of "military operations" in the archipelago.

The fact is that today, eighteen months after the Japanese boasted of their "completed conquest," they haven't actually conquered the Indies.

They never will. Guerrilla resistance is growing more and more powerful. The invisible war continues on the key islands of Celebes, Borneo, Sumatra, Java, Dutch New Guinea, Amboina, Timor. A Borneo jungle fighter recently arrived in Australia was permitted to say that the guerrilla units are now receiving, secretly, Allied supplies: food, medicine, ammunition, and radio transmitters.

Guerrilla war in the Dutch Indies has become part of the United Nations grand strategy in the Southwest Pacific. General MacArthur and his subordinate commanders consider the N. E. I. guerrillas their "stationary commandos."

PERHAPS guerrillas isn't the right word for the heroic jungle fighters, formerly part of the 100,000-odd regular Dutch and Indonesian troops who fought the Japs during the invasion and later retired to jungle strongholds. American flyers, mechanics, specialists joined them when Flying Fortresses were lost over Java.

Sailors from Admiral Hart's U. S. Asiatic Fleet, marines and soldiers cut off from their units, did likewise. Then came British, Australian, and New Zealand shock troops, veterans of Malaya and the battles of Macassar Strait, Lombok Straits, Java.

It's a truly international force, and so is the equipment: British tommy guns, Dutch, American, Swedish, and German rifles, Czech Janecek submachine guns. American pistols are carried in primitive goatskins. Hand grenades and bicycles are "rented" from the Japs.

The guerrilla units are under the command of high-ranking Dutch Army officers. They are in close contact with Netherlands Indies Fighting Forces headquarters and General MacArthur in Australia. Now and then a guerrilla commander reaches Australia to confer with Allied leaders there.

You may think the Japs control the islands they've conquered, but they don't. A silent army stalks them day and night

"We'll keep on fighting until the last Japanese is killed or thrown out," a Dutch major said. "We know where the enemy is located; we know his numerical strength. We can rely on the co-operation of our native scouts. The morale of my men is excellent."

A Dutch Army captain told how his unit came into being. "We were fighting in West Java against terrific odds. When the situation became hopeless, we withdrew to previously prepared positions. For eight days we marched through the steaming jungle with little food, no medicine, no sleep at all. Some men couldn't stand it. Those who came through have become tough, reliable bush fighters."

Guerrilla warfare in the jungle is plain inferno. Outnumbered and outequipped, you have to know all the Jap tricks and some of your own. You deliberately pose snipers at one flank to draw attention away from a silent attack on another flank. You notch heavy trees for dynamite charges, so they will fall and block the roads. You snipe from ambush at Jap officers after hours of waiting to determine who is in command. Jap soldiers in the bush are helpless without their superiors. You provoke enemy fire by shaking trees with vines. You imitate the sounds of the jungle; you learn to exclaim Japanese words.

All activities are co-ordinated and orders come through from guerrilla headquarters. The guerrillas methodically tie up tens of thousands of Jap troops, divert vast amounts of shipping, air, and ground equipment.

They also work as Intelligence units, gathering information on Jap movements, which they pass on to Australia. They spread Allied propaganda among the Indonesians. They shoot up enemy patrols, disrupt communications, blast oil refineries, burn warehouses and barges, and generally make life a nightmare for the "conquerors."

EVEN in Java the Japs have not been able to restore order. Last June the Jap-controlled Batavia Radio confirmed officially that Dutch Army units under Major General A. Pesman were fighting a major campaign in the mountains around the fortress of Bandoeng. Pesman has been captured, but the fight continues, with large guerrilla units under the command of General W. Schilling, former commander of the First Corps Area (Batavia).

In East Celebes, Lieutenant de Jong put up a heroic resistance. In Borneo the situation is now so critical for the Japs that they are appealing to the guerrilla commanders to

(*Continued on page 56*)

PHOTOS AUSTRALIAN NEWS AND INFORMATION BUREAU

Jap jungle tricks—and some of their own.

Guerrilla snipers add to the score in Japs killed—against odds of 100 to 1.

PROOF OF MURDER

It was an open and shut case to the police. But Mattie Gates had a nose for mystery and a head for facts—and, after all, even suicide needs a motive

Liberty's SHORT, SHORT STORY

BY MARGARET MOCHRIE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

MISS MATTIE GATES, her usually sharp blue eyes clouded behind her gleaming pince-nez, looked around the room in which her old friend Henry Larkin had met his death only a few hours ago.

"Murdered," she whispered, and the young policeman leaning against the flat-topped desk frowned and shifted his feet uneasily.

"The lieutenant says suicide." He had intended to speak more firmly, but, in common with the many other residents of Hillvale who had gone to school to Miss Gates during the thirty-five years she had taught before her retirement, Officer Timothy Murphy found it difficult to question her authority on any subject.

"Nonsense." She shook her neatly waved white head.

"But look at the set-up," he reminded her. "Here he is in his own study in his own house layin' with his head on the desk and his arms kinda stretched out, and he's shot through the head, close to, with his own gun that has his own fingerprints on it. If any one else had of shot him they wouldn't of went so near."

Miss Gates shuddered—partly at Tim Murphy's brutal murder of the English tongue.

"Henry Larkin would never have killed himself," she said firmly. "He had no reason to. He was as healthy at seventy as most men are at fifty. He was rich, a bachelor with no family to pester him, and he had plenty of interests to keep him from being bored. I tell you, Tim, some one shot him. And it's our job to find out who it was."

Tim Murphy sighed. He wished now he hadn't let Miss Gates in here. He fervently hoped he could get rid of her before the return of Lieutenant Harris, who had gone in the police car to fetch the sister of Mrs. Turner, Larkin's elderly housekeeper. Mrs. Turner had found the body and was suffering from shock and required a woman's care.

"Who'd wanta kill the old guy?" he asked. "People liked him all right and the only one that gets any money now he's dead is that niece of his."

"Gertrude's visiting him, isn't she?"

"*Was* visiting. She left day before yesterday to stay with a friend in Chicago till that swell school he's been sending her to opens again. So *she* couldn't of knocked him off, even if cute redheads like her did go around shooting old men."

"They do, frequently," said Miss Gates dryly. "But not from so far away as Chicago. Who was the last person to see Henry alive?"

"South, the guy that lives here and works for him."

"M-m-m-m-m. Didn't South beau Gertrude around a good deal?"

"Now, listen!" he said, sensing where her thoughts were leading. "You can't pick on *him*. He has a alibi."

"Really, Tim, you're too trusting for a policeman! Alibis can be faked, you know."

"I see you're up on your Poirot and Nero Wolfe," a smooth, slightly amused voice interrupted. "But even they couldn't make *this* murder, could they, Murphy?"

Miss Gates sat down in the swivel chair at the desk, forgetful of its last grisly occupant. She looked sharply across at the slim blond young man lounging against the doorframe. "And why couldn't it be murder, Mr. South?" she asked in her incisive schoolroom voice.

SHE knew Harold South slightly, and in her opinion he had more charm than competence. She had told Henry so after he had taken South out of an accounting job at the Larkin Hardware plant to replace Guy Horner, who had gone into the Army. "He's careless about everything but figures," Henry had said. "But these days, what with government contracts and production speed-ups and inventories and tax forms, most of our work *is* with figures. He's no secretary, but when letters have to be written, I can dictate to Miss Graves at the plant. And with that bad leg of his, the Army won't take him." Henry, who worked at home a great deal, had had South living at the house, just as Guy had lived.

South limped into the room now and settled himself in an armchair. "Tell Miss Gates why murder is out, Murphy," he drawled.

"Well," said Murphy, "you gotta be with a man to shoot him, and Larkin was alone in the house after 4 P. M."

"How can you be sure?"

"Because you can't get into these grounds any way only by the front gate. And Mrs. Rhodes, across the street, was on her porch all afternoon and she says nobody went in by the gate only the boy from Inness', the printer's—and he come right out again."

Miss Gates frowned. "I suppose she didn't hear the shot," she said hopelessly. "She's deaf as a post."

"She didn't hear a thing, but her eyesight's O. K." Murphy grinned. "She sees Mrs. Turner go out at two thirty; then the printer's boy goes in at four and comes out again, and Mr. South comes down the path right after him and goes into the rector's house down the street. And she sees Mrs. Turner go in at six when she finds the body."

Miss Gates turned to South. "And Henry Larkin was alive when you left at four?"

"I gave him the proofs the boy brought—proofs of the booklet he was writing for the county historical society."

"And that's where the alibi comes in," said Murphy triumphantly. "Larkin *had* to be alive till somewhere around *five*, we figure, or he couldn't of read those proofs and marked 'em up the way he did. There they are, right on the desk, and the handwriting's his."

A siren outside heralded Lieutenant Harris' return. Murphy wished he hadn't suggested that Miss Gates look at the proofs. If the lieutenant came in, he might get angry. But it was too late to do anything about it now. She had already picked them up and was reading the corrections written in the margins.

The siren sounded again, and Murphy heaved a sigh of relief. The lieutenant wasn't coming in—was signaling him to come out to the car. He started for the door, and almost collided with Harold South, who was limping toward Miss Gates with hand outstretched.

"That's what I came in for." South spoke rapidly. "To get those proofs. I'm taking them to Inness first thing in the morning so he can get to work on them."

Miss Gates rolled them up and slipped them into her knitting bag. "No need for you to trouble," she said. "I was on that committee with Henry and I can explain things to Inness much better than you could." Swiftly she swept by him and Murphy. "Coming, Tim? Your lieutenant is getting impatient."

Her voice drowned South's protests, and Murphy shrugged helplessly and followed her out.

Miss Gates sat down, looked sharply across at the slim blond young man lounging against the door frame.

On the path she grasped his arm. "I must speak to Lieutenant Harris at once, Tim! At once, understand!"

THE next morning Tim Murphy rang Miss Gates' doorbell.

"Well," he said, "he's confessed, all right. He did it because he wanted to marry Gertrude and get old Larkin's money. Mrs. Turner says the girl was nuts about him. The old man was against it, knowing he'd been mixed up in a nasty divorce scandal down in Florida. That's why the old man sent Gertrude to stay in Chicago. And he promised not to write to her, even. Then he got thinking it would be easy to kill the old man and get the girl and the money too. Once he started talking he told us everything."

Miss Gates nodded. "I thought South wouldn't give you much trouble after you'd confronted him with a few facts. He's really a very weak young man."

"Yeah, he scares easy. He got white when the lieutenant told him we had an expert coming to look at the writing on the proofs, and that we knew from Inness that Inness sent some proofs up to the house at noon, and how South phoned right after lunch and said they got mislaid and to send up a second bunch at four so Mr. Larkin could read 'em before dinner. Then South marks up the first ones, copying Larkin's writing, and kills the old man before the boy comes, and puts the proofs on the desk just like Larkin was working on 'em before he commits suicide. When the boy brings the new proofs, South hides 'em and then goes right out to the rector's to establish an alibi. And he would of got away with it if you hadn't of spotted the phony handwriting."

Miss Gates shook her head. "No, the *handwriting* had me fooled. But a phrase which the printer had left out had been written in the margin. It was 'through these woods.' When I saw that 'through' had been spelled t-h-r-u, I knew Henry couldn't have written it. His hatred of simplified spelling amounted almost to a phobia. Well, if he *hadn't* written it, if he hadn't corrected those proofs, then South's alibi was no good. He could have murdered Henry before he left the house." She sighed. "Henry always said South was careless, and he was right."

Murphy's eyes grew round. "Just think!" he breathed. "A guy spells a word wrong, and it gets him the chair!"

THE END

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY WILLIAM RITTER

Hypnosis recalls incidents long lost to conscious recollection.

HYPNOTISM

BLAZING new trails into the hidden recesses of the human mind, scientific hypnotism today is helping science to discover the underlying causes of many mental and physical ills, and to eliminate quirks that stand in the way of happiness and success.

Through hypnosis alcoholics are being placed "on the wagon," kept there, and left with an abiding distaste for liquor. Amnesia victims are being lifted out of their mental fog with a speed heretofore considered impossible. Somnambulists who risked their necks almost nightly now stay safely in bed.

In many cases painters who stared helplessly at unfinished canvases, composers whose minds went blank whenever they sat down at the piano, writers who had to drive themselves to typewriters are now tackling their jobs with the creative urge uninhibited and flowing free.

The new techniques now being used stem directly from the much misunderstood and maligned hypnotism repeatedly explored and cast aside by psychologists ever since Anton Mesmer astonished the world with his animal magnetism in the eighteenth century. For a long time hypnotism was exploited by charlatans, quacks, and side-show performers. But in the past few decades serious research has stripped away the hokum, until it can be said scientific hypnotism has come of age.

There is no doubt in the minds of foremost psychiatrists that hypnotism is an effective aid in physiotherapy. In the words of Dr. Nolan D. C. Lewis, of the Neurological Institute of New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, "Hypnotism has been found useful in the diagnosis and care of certain psychological disorders in every large institution where psychiatry is properly used."

FOR instance, at the University of Chicago's Sprague Memorial Institute and Department of Pathology, Drs. Julian H. Lewis and Theodore R. Sarbin have been at work for over five years on their age regression study of hypnotism. They have found that, for reasons not yet fully understood, a person under hypnosis can readily recall from his past life incidents and attitudes entirely lost to his conscious recollection.

The researchers who are practicing scientific hypnotism know that many doctors still associate it with charlatanry, and that the lay public is fearful and suspicious of it. Most of these prejudices and misunderstandings can be corrected in a few words:

You cannot be hypnotized if you do not wish to be. Full co-operation is necessary. If you mistrust the operator, you remain wide awake.

WORKS FOR SCIENCE

BY LOIS MATTOX MILLER

You will always awaken of your own accord—even if the hypnotist should place you in a trance and disappear forever!

You will suffer no harmful mental or physical after-effects. It's quite possible that hypnosis will fail to produce results in your case, but you'll be no worse off for the trial.

While in a trance, you will not do or say anything which you would consider indecent or harmful.

To demonstrate this to a class of skeptical medical students, a famous neuropsychiatrist at one of New York's large medical centers puts a revolver in the hands of a hypnotized subject and tells the subject to shoot him. Invariably the subject balks, tosses the gun away, or awakens with a start.

This same specialist also proved how strong is the innate sense of modesty. Once he ordered a hypnotized woman to undress before his class. She stood up and came out of the trance in a rage—although she had no recollection of what had been said or why she was angry!

The best hypnotic subjects are normal people of superior intelligence. Younger people are more receptive than older ones, because less set in their ways. Extroverts respond more quickly than introverts—their minds are less cluttered, therefore more amenable to suggestion. At their University of Chicago research clinic, Drs. Lewis and Sarbin demonstrated hypnosis with the co-operation of a healthy nineteen-year-old student volunteer. After explaining the purpose of the experiment, Dr. Lewis asked her to lie on a couch and fix her attention on a small overhead light.

"Now, Mary, you are going into a deep sleep. . . . You will do anything I tell you to do. . . . You will hear only my voice—nothing else in or out of this room. . . . Relax your whole body. . . . You are drowsy. . . ."

As the doctor repeated these phrases over and over, her eyes closed; finally she slept. He lifted her arm. It remained rigid and outstretched until he put it down.

"Now, Mary," he said, touching her kneecap with a little hammer, "You can feel nothing below here." He pricked her leg above the knee with a pin. She flinched. He pricked it below the knee. She didn't stir.

Then he demonstrated the "age regression."

"We are going to take you back to your twelfth birthday, Mary," he began. "Now, tell us what happened today." Breathlessly, dragging in every small detail, she described the birthday party, named the children who were there, told exactly what they had eaten.

Next Dr. Lewis took her back to her fourth birthday; then to her second; from there to her third. Her speech and facial expression became babyish. Her father, present on her second birthday, was missing from her account of the third.

"Isn't daddy there?" asked Dr. Lewis.

Mary's lips tightened.

"No. Daddy is gone. An old automobile hit him."

Taking her to the age of nine, Dr. Lewis suggested a spelling test. She misspelled "laboratory" and "declaration," but spelled both correctly later when he got her into her teens.

The truth about hypnotism—what it can and cannot do and how science is using it to cure mental quirks

Finally Dr. Lewis brought her up to her present age. "When you come out of the trance," he said, "you will remember nothing that has happened, nothing that has been said. You will be very hungry, and you will have the feeling that there is something in your left shoe."

Mary came out of the trance instantly and cheerfully. She could recall none of the incidents she had described so vividly in the trance.

At last she said, "Heavens, I'm hungry! How long was I under? It must be 'way past lunchtime." It wasn't.

On the way to luncheon she paused and began to take off her shoe. Dr. Lewis explained that the idea was a posthypnotic suggestion. The fancied irritation vanished instantly.

It is possible to understand how the researcher, if Mary had been ill instead of normal, could have probed deeper into her recollections, working slowly and carefully back through the years. More than half the job of curing any illness with psychological roots is discovering the cause. Once that is known, a number of psychotherapeutic methods can be used to set matters straight. Psychoanalysis is an effective way of uncovering underlying conditions, but its slow searchings may have to continue over many months or years. Hypnosis can often unearth the relevant facts in a few hours.

Recently, for example, Drs. Lewis and Sarbin solved the puzzle of a young woman of twenty-six whose terrible temper was heading her toward the divorce courts. Tearfully she admitted she had always been just plain "ornery," and couldn't help it. She was hypnotized, and then taken back, year by year, through her childhood.

In each year the researcher would ask her if she was a good girl. She answered "No!" pettishly for every year until her third, when she said "Yes, I'm a good girl." Further questioning revealed that when she was three a baby sister had been born. From then on she felt neglected, and had compensated for it by bad behavior, which grew worse as time went on.

When these circumstances were brought into the open and rationalized by her with the help of the researchers, her entire viewpoint and personality changed. Psychoanalysis might have consumed months of valuable time: "age regression" by hypnosis revealed the source of all her difficulties in the first trance.

A brilliant young scientist couldn't drink water or take a bath without developing strangling throat spasms. Hypnosis revealed that when he was very young his mother had once warned him not to play near the river's edge, foolishly telling him that the terrible old man of the river would get him if he did. He disobeyed, fell into the river, and was almost drowned.

The doctor suggested that he would remember the whole story after he came out of the trance. He did, and when his adult mind grasped it, the throat spasms ceased.

DOCTORS know that what we call "hunger pangs" are caused by the rhythmic contraction and relaxing of the stomach muscles. But how much of this is caused by the physical need for food and how much by mental "appetite"?

One afternoon Drs. Lewis and Sarbin tested some students who had eaten nothing since breakfast. Each student swallowed a small toy balloon attached to a length of rubber tubing. Then she was hypnotized.

Dr. Sarbin picked up the rubber tube and blew into it gently, inflating the toy balloon inside the student's stomach. The other end of the tube was attached to an instrument which recorded the peaks and valleys of the stomach contractions.

"Now," said Dr. Sarbin, "I will feed Helen an imaginary meal and see what happens in her stomach."

Hypnotized Helen was asked what she would like to eat. She chose chop suey. Dr. Sarbin put a pencil to her lips, and she began to munch. "Chew it well," he said, and her jaws worked vigorously. For dessert she requested apple pie and milk. Meanwhile, the rhythmic peaks and valleys on the chart had gradually diminished, until the recording pen traced an even horizontal line. Without actual food, Helen's "hunger pangs" had ceased.

Varying this experiment somewhat, Drs. Lewis and Sarbin have

(Continued on page 48)

Broken River

Fortified by his own determination and Clyde Prio's faith in him, Rack forges ahead. He is prepared for the plottings of his enemies, but not for an unexpected betrayal which strikes at his heart

BY JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

TROUBLES didn't come singly to Rack Tinker. As woods boss of the Broken River Logging Company, of which his foster father, Big Red Tinker, was president, Rack wanted desperately to fulfill his contract to log the Bishop spruce. But the company's credit was bad, its equipment was old, and Sam Horton, to whose mill the lumber would go, refused to pay for it before the twentieth of the month.

"You know I've got to pay the Bishops on the eighteenth," said Rack.

"Yes," said Horton. "And that's why I'm paying on the twentieth."

Horton hated Rack, and he knew that if Broken River could not meet a stumpage payment of ten thousand dollars on the eighteenth, the Bishop contract would be automatically broken. Pretty, red-haired Sara Bishop, whose mother had given the job to Broken River on the advice of Clyde Prio, a lawyer and a friend of the Tinkers, knew it too.

When Rack came out of Sam's office, he met Sara.

"Did you like the contract Sam drew up?" she asked.

"No, not much," replied Rack.

"How nice," said Sara coolly.

Sara had no confidence in Rack or his company. "You're not financially capable of logging the spruce," she had told him, and had called him a "short-stake logger," which in lumberman parlance means a bum, a man who dodges responsibility. "I'll do my best to break that contract," she had said—and now, with Sam Horton's help, she might succeed.

Another worry of Rack's was Will Jaspers, a lanky mechanic who had turned up to blackmail him for something in his past. With Will was Lily Botnick. When Gale Nordlund, Clyde Prio's secretary, saw Lily, she recognized her as a girl in whom Rack had been interested when they were all in school together ten years ago. Gale, who had loved Rack even then, felt her jealousy rise again. Jaspers said Lily was his wife, but Gale doubted it.

Rack gave Jaspers a job at the camp to keep him quiet until the spruce was cut. After that he could tell all he knew and Rack was ready to take the consequences.

Then he discovered that Jaspers wasn't the only one he had to fear. Sam Horton, knowing that his father, Old Jim Horton, liked Rack, made a threat. "Don't go to my father for help," he warned. "Dad can't help you now. Nobody can, and you know why!"

"Put it in words," Rack said.

"You killed my brother," said Horton. "Is that plain enough?"

"Then tell the sheriff."

Horton's mouth jerked. "I can't prove it. Not yet! But I will, Tinker. And God help you then!"

FRIDAY morning brought low gray clouds. Long veils of rain swept in from the sea. By ten o'clock the myrtle-wood operation at Broken River was a sea of mud. Rack stopped the cat at the landing.

"Give Swede a hand," he told Will Jaspers. "Help him rig a shelter for those frictions."

Will Jaspers looked like a thin angry rooster in the rain. Water had soaked through the brim of his old hat. His old overcoat had long since reached the saturation point.

"Better get some rain clothes," Rack advised.

"When I need 'em," Jaspers growled.

Rack climbed aboard the cat, sent it roaring up the hill. He made three trips. Each time he backed the logging arch up to a log of myrtle wood, each time he dragged the load down to the landing, it was time wasted. Time they should be using on the spruce. A serious business because of that, and not pleasant. On the fourth trip to the landing, he found Clyde Prio there.

Clyde was standing on the track near the loader, a big man whose moth-eaten stag coat covered an expensive suit of banker's gray. He waved at Rack and waded toward him.

"A duck," Rack said. "A webfoot."

Clyde grinned. "One day in Washington, and I'm ready to roll in this. How are you, Rack?"

"Good," Rack answered.

He grinned at Clyde Prio. Everybody grinned when Clyde grinned. His smile was like that.

Rack moved and Clyde planted the seat of his pants in the driver's place with a fine disregard for grease and rain. He shifted gears, let in the clutch. They went slamming up the hill under a full throttle. Rack, clinging to the seat rail, decided Clyde would rather do this than be President. Any time, and for nothing.

Stump was hooking that day. When the cat roared into view with Clyde at the controls, Stump climbed a tree like a frightened monkey. Clyde brought the cat to a splashing halt. He swore at Stump vividly. Stump swore back just as vividly.

To Clyde, Rack said, "You got my letter?"

Clyde nodded. "It looks like Sara Bishop and Sam Horton ganged up on you. Figured a way to beat 'em yet?"

"Lord, no!" Rack said. "I can't work miracles!"

Clyde grinned. "Time you learned."

"Go to hell!" Rack growled.

From the ground Stump yelled,

"You comin' back, or do I flog you to death with a choker?"

Clyde backed the cat with force—so much that Stump had to scramble to avoid being run down by the logging arch. They had a lot of fun swearing again.

Turning to Rack, Clyde said, "You need discipline in your camp, Rack. That Stump is a Communist!"

"For a fact," Rack answered.

"Are they all like that?"

Rack's face turned sober. "Now they are. I've got a civil war on my hands. It's about that damn jammer."

"Gale told me," Clyde said. "Won't Red give up?"

"Give up, hell! He gets worse all the time. The camp's split on it, taking sides. White Hope and Angel are with Red. The rest are with me and Addie. White Hope and Stump haven't spoken in three days. Tomorrow they are going to rig a spar tree. I—well, I don't know. Maybe they will and maybe they won't."

"I'd like to see it," Clyde said.

Rack turned. "Won't you be here?"

"Nope. Going right back. You don't need me."

"What about our contract—I mean between you and Broken River Logging Company?"

"I'm not worrying."

"Well, I am!" Rack insisted. "How do I clip you if it isn't in writing?"

Clyde said, "I never thought of that."

"Write a contract for us. Gale can bring it up."

Clyde shrugged. "Tomorrow, then—"

The ride down was even more spirited than the ride up. Clyde had three good-sized logs to help him flatten Nazi machine-gun nests. At the landing he idled the motor. He spoke quietly, without looking up:

"You promised me you'd stay out of the Army for six months. You've been deferred that long; you're needed here."

Soberly Rack said, "What brought this up?"

"If you left, this spruce show would go flat on its silly face."

"What gave you that idea?"

"Gale tells me something's bothering you."

"Gale talks too much."

"No, only when necessary. Care to tell me about it?"

Rack looked away. "It's not important."

"I was a lawyer," Clyde said. "Still am. Will you tell me as a lawyer? You can't hide from trouble, boy. You can't ignore it."

Rack's voice turned stubborn. "There is no trouble."

"Gale seems to think so." Clyde Prio slid over to stand on the cat track; he shook the rain from his hat and looked at Rack. "Where does this fellow Jaspers fit in?"

"He's a mechanic."

"And an ex-convict. Gale looked him up. He's just out of a three-year stretch at the State Prison."

"He needed work," Rack said. "We needed a mechanic."

(*Continued on page 62*)

Rack was speaking to Lily—something Gale did not hear.

ALIAS X-17

Concluding the hilarious confessions of an Army training plane, in which the crotchety old crate tells a few non-military secrets

BY GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

CARTOONS BY VERNON GRANT

The shirts had a kind of magnetism located just above the left pocket.

X-17 is the alias of Old 400 of Randolph Field, whose family name is BT-9, the BT meaning basic trainer. The old girl began telling the plane facts about herself and her numerous aviation-cadet boy friends in Liberty last week.

MANY a goofy stunt has been pulled since I first came to Randolph. Most of them sooner or later became legendary, which is all to the good. That way, when the war is over and Randolph becomes not only a flying training school but a national academy with a four-year course, and becomes the incubator of future Air Forces generals, it will already have much tradition and lore, evolved under high pressure through a very short length of time.

One such story is the incident of the young mechanic, new at Randolph, who overheard a pilot say that he had just done a cross-country to Kansas City in a Link Trainer.

Now, a Link Trainer is a toy-looking airplane about six feet long with three-foot wings. It's bolted tight to the hangar floor, but it has a cockpit fitted out with regular flying instruments and a hood that closes in the "pilot." It's used to teach blind flying.

Well, this mechanic I'm telling you about had no idea what a Link Trainer was. But his home was Kansas City, so he asked the pilot if he'd be going back there soon in the Link.

"Next Wednesday," the pilot said, keeping his face entirely straight.

"How about me going along?"

"Why not? I'll take off from Hangar E at one thirty."

On the following Wednesday, after going to the operations office and explaining that he was going on a cross-country hop, the mechanic drew a parachute, buckled it on, and headed for Hangar E.

The pilot had not yet showed up, so the mechanic wandered over to the opposite end of the hangar, where there were several of those ridiculous-looking miniature airplanes. He pointed to one.

"What's that silly little thing?" he asked a fellow who was sweeping the hangar floor.

"Link Trainer."

Quietly the mechanic took off his parachute and left.

Then there are all sorts of tiny little happenings. One of the cadets was flying at 7,000 feet when a mouse ran out of the leg of his flying suit. And that's all there is to that story.

The Form 1's—a report which the pilot fills out after each flight—sometimes turn up a bit of unconscious humor. Once, after flying me and shooting a number of landings in about the clumsiest way possible, the cadet wrote next to the printed words DEFECTS NOTED IN PLANE: "Consistently makes bad landings."

Frequently visitors to the flying line do amusingly silly things. A flight surgeon who'd just joined the Army and was going up for the first time preceded the pilot to the plane. On the way, he put on his parachute upside down with the leg straps around his arms. When he reached the plane, he climbed into the baggage compartment. It took six mechanics an hour to get him out.

Over at Hangar M the squadron commander is a toughie named Major K. L. Johnson. Once when a cadet had failed to obey several radio orders, Major Johnson met him when he landed and made him walk a mile and a half across the field and a mile and a half back as fast as he could with his parachute still strapped on. The temperature was 100 degrees.

When the cadet came back, hot and tired, and reported to Major Johnson, the major asked the cadet if he'd be willing to pay a dollar for every cuss word he'd called the major. The sweating student gave

The other fellow made a nervous movement, turned his plane upside down.

the major a puzzled look, then a small grin, and said, "No, sir."

Almost always, when a group of cadets goes on a cross-country flight, there are one or more noteworthy occurrences. On such a flight to Waco, one cadet got separated from the rest and mistakenly landed at Temple. He glanced at the name of the airport tower and, with a look of total incredulity, remarked to the attendant who had come out to the plane, "I know damn well that ain't the way to spell Waco."

Among the more Ripleyesque happenings was the case of the pilot whose plane got into such a tight spin that he was unable to do anything but jump. Not only, however, did the plane extricate itself from the spin after he had jumped—it landed itself butter side up, with only a few minor bumps and bruises.

These self-landing planes are not especially rare. Once a military pilot who was check-riding (*i. e.*, testing the ability of) a civilian pilot who was joining the Army called over the interphone, "We'll go in and land now."

The civilian pilot, understanding that the military pilot would take over, headed the plane toward the field and let go the controls.

The military pilot in the back seat, having no such understanding, lit a cigarette and smoked it, noting in his mind that he would give the civilian a good grade on the landing he was making. For with no one handling the controls, the plane made a perfect landing.

Meteorology for the Masses

SINCE everybody else talks about the weather, I'm going to have my say on that subject. If you pay attention you'll learn something.

First there's the matter of clouds, and there are only three major kinds: Tall clouds are called cumulus. Flat clouds are stratus—like, in geology, rock strata. The third kind are called cirrus, and, brother, they are well named. Because those are the babies that ice you up, and to fly among them is a very cirrus business indeed.

So now you are an expert meteorologist. There are also names designating the altitude of these clouds, but I am sure you will have less trouble with the fairly well known terms: low, pretty high, and awful high.

But since I have neither de-icing nor oxygen equipment, and since most cirrus clouds hang around 20,000 feet (to fly above 15,000, pilots must wear oxygen masks), we won't go into that.

About stratus clouds I will only say that they are what you get lost in. I have heard pilots talking of getting lost in woods where there were bears and rattlesnakes, but they say that, in comparison to getting lost in the clouds, it was a pleasure. Because when you're lost in the clouds, or "overcast" as flyers say, you cannot tell (except by your instruments) which way is up and which way is down, and, believe it or not, those are very handy bits of information to have while flying a fast airplane.

I've seen cadets lost in the clouds on a cross-country flight turn dead white and break into a cold sweat as they flew on and on through a thick stratus cloud, now climbing as high as they dared go without blacking out, now swooping low, knowing as they strained their eyes to see the ground that at any second they might smack into a mountain.

In case you have never been lost in the clouds, it is pretty much like being lost in a lot of wisps of slightly mildewed cotton. And if you're flying over a section where air traffic is heavy, you realize that another plane could be coming straight into you and you'd never see it until it was four or five feet away, and by that time the knowledge that it was there would not be particularly useful.

Sometimes there may be two layers of stratus clouds with nothing but clear air between them. If you are flying in between these layers, you naturally cannot see either the sky or the earth—just the floor of the clouds above you, the top of those below.

One day I was on a cross-country trip, being flown by a guy they called Rusty. We were flying along in the clear space between two of these layers of stratus cloud, when up ahead of us we saw a civilian plane going in the same direction we were but not as fast.

Now, that Rusty was a very funny guy. All he ever wanted was to catch somebody asleep, and if he was in a sympathetic mood he might just give them a hot-foot, though if he was really hungry for a little fun, he'd put a lighted baby giant firecracker in their pocket and then go hide around the corner. If the fellow's clothes caught fire and burned about half off, that put Rusty in stitches. Anyway, I always liked old Rusty. You can see he was a card.

Well, like I said, we were overtaking this civilian plane when all at once Rusty grinned and eased me over on my back. Then, as we came into view of the civilian pilot, we were flying along upside down just as pretty as you please, and Rusty waved at the other fellow so casually and relaxed-like that a kind of funny look came over the other fellow's face as he decided *he* must be upside down. Then he made a kind of nervous movement and turned his plane upside down too. As his lunch basket, thermos jug, and maps all fell out of his plane, Rusty got almost hysterical with laughing.

Cumulonimbus, Stay 'Way From My Door

THE clouds that really pack a wallop are the cumulus clouds when they have cumulated into such a great tall thunderhead that, out of respect for their size and height, you call them cumulonimbus.

As far as a pilot or an airplane is concerned, an old cumulonimbus is just a vertical air tunnel that had better be kept the hell away from.

It's perfectly simple. Cumulus clouds form over updrafts of hot air driven up, say, by hot plains or city pavements. A cumulus cloud is to a glider pilot what a bar sign is to you: it tells him where to go to get a lift.

That, mind you, is a plain reasonable-sized cumulus. When it grows into a huge cumulonimbus, the updraft inside it has probably become cyclonic.

I know because one day a cadet who knew better but wanted to see what it was like, flew me into one. It was on a hot summer afternoon and there was no bad weather any-

(Continued on page 59)

Eventually they'll smash me into junk. And I know I've got to take it.

HOME BOY

Killing Japs is a new game to Tommy Perry, but in a tight spot he remembers a trick or two from his schooldays which come in handy

BY LEON WARE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

MRS. PERRY closed the magazine, looked dazedly at the picture of the shattered tank on its cover, and caught her breath in a broken gasp. She put the magazine aside, turned her head from the light, and began to weep silently. Mr. Perry, in the opposite chair, looked up from his book and watched her compassionately for a moment. Then he put the book aside and got up to fill his pipe from the jar in the center of the mantel.

"What's the matter, mother?"

She wiped her eyes with her handkerchief and shook her head, making an impatient gesture toward the magazine.

"Oh, Will—it's horrible! The way they have to live—the cruelty of it—mud and no rest and no food—".

"I know," he said quietly. "It isn't fun, ever. But sometimes it isn't too bad. And don't you worry. He'll be all right. He can take care of himself."

"But it's different with Tommy," she said. "You were brought up on the farm—you worked in all weather and long hours. You were conditioned, Will, even before you went into the Army." She caught her breath. "Tommy wasn't—he's been—well, he's been a home boy."

Mr. Perry sent a cloud of smoke spiraling into the light and chuckled. "You toughen up fast in the Army, mother. They see to that."

She indicated the magazine again. "But you can't toughen a boy up enough for things like that! It's impossible. Tommy isn't prepared for it—he's lived a decent, clean life. He'll be lost out there!"

Mr. Perry stood up in front of the fire. "I don't know," he said quietly. "I think he's pretty well prepared for what he's going to find out there."

She looked at him, and he smiled.

"Remember the Henderson game two years ago? Remember how they began to get rough when they began to lose? Remember Tommy then? He'd been playing nice, clean tackle; but when they slugged little Billy Wright—remember what he did? Laid out two of them—broke up their old ball game." He chuckled. "People don't get rough with Tommy—not without a certain amount of personal risk, they don't."

"But football—"

He shook his head. "Fundamentally, it's the same. He'll be all right. He's going to be as safe as any of them, mother. Why, he's got the best rifle in the world—and you know how he cleaned out all the gophers on the farm last year. A hundred, two hundred yards, some of his shots. And he's got a real gun this time—not just a twenty-two."

"But it's different with somebody shooting at *you*, Will. It isn't the same as on the farm."

"He's been in competition before," Mr. Perry said dryly. He knocked the dottle from his pipe into the fireplace and began to run a pipe cleaner through the stem. "I remember when we went to the State Track Meet. He was pretty nervous, coming from a little school like Milbank. He thought maybe it was a mistake, trying to throw the hammer against the best kids in the state. But when his turn came, he just grinned at me and winked, and then he grabbed that hammer and dug in his toes and threw the thing for a new state record. That's the sort of thing I remember about Tommy, mother. When the chips are down, he's in there pitching."

THE rain squall lifted a moment and the men in the landing barge caught a glimpse of white creaming surf against gray sand and a backdrop of tall sodden palms. In the bow of the barge a drawn-faced, big-bodied youth licked the fresh water from his lips, tucked the breech of his rifle closer under his arm, and looked up at the grizzled sergeant who peered over the coaming of the barge.

"What's cooking, sarge?" he asked

"He dug in his toes and threw the thing for a new record."

"Nothing—yet," the sergeant grunted. He shuffled his feet in the water in the bottom of the barge. "Maybe we'll slip in and maybe we won't, Tommy." He turned his head, the water sluicing off his helmet as if from a hose. "Get ready, you guys—and when we go out of here, go fast! No stopping for anything until you hit the trees, see? Get across that beach, and get across fast. No matter what happens, get your guns and those grenades ashore—you won't live long without 'em."

THERE was a new sound around them then. A slim, blue-eyed boy beside Tommy groaned.

"On top of everything else," he said, "it's got to start hailing."

The sergeant lifted his head above the coaming and then turned back, his lined face suddenly drawn tight.

"It's hail, all right," he said hoarsely—"but it's lead hail. They've spotted us. Stay down, keep your heads, and remember—go across that beach faster than—"

There was a roaring, tearing sound above them, and involuntarily they all lifted their faces to the rain. Almost simultaneously the air cracked with sound, a gust of pressure sucked out their breaths, and a great wall of water rose alongside and dropped smotheringly over the boat.

"Get out! Get out!" the sergeant roared. And then they were in the water, struggling, splashing crying, and there was hell around them—in the air and in the sea.

Passing bullets whined overhead and the rain-splattered surface of the water was pocked here and there with other splashes—larger and more deadly. Tommy, who had been holding to one handle of a grenade case with the blue-eyed boy, came to the surface, sputtering and coughing. He had his rifle in his right hand and was still holding to the case with his left, although it pulled his head back under water. He rolled over on his back and gritted his teeth and began kicking toward the surf. The grenades kept pulling his head under, but he fought back up and kept going. The blue-eyed boy had let go his end of the case and was sputtering alongside Tommy—but still clinging to his rifle. Tommy's gasps were sharp and rasping, but he kept surging forward. A minute—two minutes later he was in the surf, and the sergeant was beside him, fumbling for the other end of the case.

Gasping, they lifted the case and ran heavily across the beach.

Gasping, they lifted the case and ran heavily across the fifty-foot beach toward the trees. The sand spurted all around them, and the blue-eyed boy, who followed them, fell once, then got to his feet and came on again. In the flicker of time that he had for noticing other things, Tommy saw the rest of the boatload assembling behind a great outcropping of volcanic rock which rose at the edge of the surf. He wanted to call to them—to urge them into the brush, to make them realize that they would be pinned down there and slaughtered—but he couldn't. He didn't have breath enough for anything—not even enough to breathe. But he kept on and on until he and the sergeant fell into the sheltering underbrush. The blue-eyed boy fell on top of them, and they lay there, gasping and panting, unable to move, to even lift their heads, for a long time.

FINALLY the sergeant stirred and reached over to pat Tommy's shoulder.

"Nice going, kid," he said. "Damned nice going. We're going to need these grenades if we get those fools out of that jam."

He jerked his head toward the rock in the surf. The enemy fire was concentrated there, the lava chipping, the sand spurting, the water splashing as bullets tore savagely at the shelter.

"How many of us got across?" Tommy asked. He rolled on his side and wearily pulled his rifle up to where he could work the slide and make certain it was functioning.

"Just us," the sergeant said. Tommy looked back. A half dozen still forms littered the beach and the sunken barge wallowed drunkenly in the surf.

"The other boats went on beyond the point," the sergeant continued. "We're all alone, except for those fools—"

He glowered again at the rock at the edge of the water.

The blue-eyed boy groaned softly. "Sergeant," he said quietly, "I think I've been hit. Will you look, please? It's my back. It hurts—a little."

They tore open his shirt. There was a small blue slit in his right chest and a large puckered hole in his back. A little trickle of blood came from the wound.

"Bad?" the boy asked. He smiled cheerfully at Tommy.

"Went clean through you," the sergeant said. "Nothing to worry about. We'll patch you up and you just lie quiet and everything will be all right."

The boy grinned again, a little wryly. "Everything?"

Tommy ripped open the other's first-aid kit, sprinkled the sulfa drug from its waterproof pouch into both wounds, bandaged them expertly. It had taken only a moment.

"Well, nearly everything," he said. "You've got kind of a hole through you, but it could be bigger."

"That's encouraging," the boy said. "You don't suppose I'll catch cold lying here with wet feet?"

The sergeant wiped the boy's lips. "Shut up and quit cracking wise."

"O. K.," the boy said. "I'll be good. I'll just lie here and keep quiet while you and Tommy lick the Japs. Call me when you're through."

He chewed the tablets the sergeant offered, closed his eyes, and went sound asleep. Just like that. Tommy looked at the sergeant in amazement.

"Shock," the sergeant said. He had fought in Haiti and Nicaragua and China, but he shook his head over this one. "Geez," he said, almost to himself, "but you young guys are tough in a nice, quiet way—"

He turned and lifted his head a little. The Japs were still smothering the rock with their fire, but from around the point came the heavy sound of American gunfire. Others had gotten ashore, anyway.

"Take it easy," the sergeant said to Tommy, "but see if you can spot the gun that's nailing the boys to that rock. If we can locate it and knock it out, we can get 'em up with us. We're behind time already."

They broke open the grenades, filled their pouches, and slid slowly into the brush. Fifty feet from where they left the blue-eyed boy sleeping they came to a halt at the edge of a clearing. A low hill rose abruptly before them and it was obvious that the Japs' guns were planted there. It was a perfect spot. The clearing at the base of the rise prevented a sudden rush and the height made an excellent observation point. As a matter of fact, two Japs were visible, studying the beach with glasses, turning from time to time to direct the fire of a pair of hidden guns which burned ammunition extravagantly. The sergeant swore.

"Too far for grenades," he said. "We'll have to wait for nightfall." He looked at his watch. "Four, five hours—"

Tommy studied the opening and licked his lips. "What time is it?"

"Watch stopped at two," the sergeant said.

"About ten o'clock back home."

The sergeant looked at Tommy suspiciously. "What difference does that make?"

"Not much," Tommy admitted. "I'd be getting ready for bed probably if I was there."

"I suppose you'd rather be there?" the sergeant asked caustically. He dropped flat on his face as one of the Japs swung his glasses in their direction.

Tommy chewed thoughtfully on a mouthful of turf as his face hit the ground and the trees overhead shuddered with the impact of machine-gun bullets.

"Why, no," he said when the racket had slacked off. "Of course not. I like it here—"

"You and me both," grunted the sergeant.

"Watch where this goes, will you?" Tommy asked. He edged his Garand through the brush and nestled his cheek against the stock.

"Make it good," the sergeant said. "We can't spend the day getting the range."

Tommy's rifle cracked—the first sound of retaliation against the Japs. The sergeant grinned.

"Which eye?" he demanded.

"The left," Tommy said, and shifted the sights over to the second Jap, who had turned in amazement as his companion toppled over backward.

"Pure luck," growled the sergeant. There was a gleam of admiration in his eyes.

THE Garand sang out again, and the sergeant turned confidently to see the second Jap go over. The machine guns chattered angrily and they both hugged the ground while the bullets stabbed frantically through the underbrush. The sergeant spat turf and turned his head.

"Target stuff," he grunted.

Tommy grinned. "Gopher hunting."

Silence settled over the clearing as the machine gunners decided to save ammunition for the moment. Tommy and the sergeant lifted their heads and looked around. There was no movement—no sound. Sunlight slanted through a break in the clouds and everything began to steam.

The machine guns began snapping again, spraying the rock at the beach.

"We going to take root here?" Tommy finally asked.

The sergeant scowled. "If you know a way out, take it. I'm comfortable. I like it here—it's cozy." He chewed a blade of grass and cocked his head. "And safe." After a long moment, however, he sighed regretfully. "But that ain't why we're here. O. K., what's your idea?"

"Well, we've got a lot of grenades."

"I can't toss 'em that far, and you can't neither, kid. If we're smart, we'll stay right here until dark. There aren't enough of us to outflank 'em."

(*Continued on page 58*)

For an evening next week!

A novel of earlier America—Philadelphia in 1876, the year of the Centennial—packed with humor, richly drawn characters, and teeming with fast-moving action on every page.

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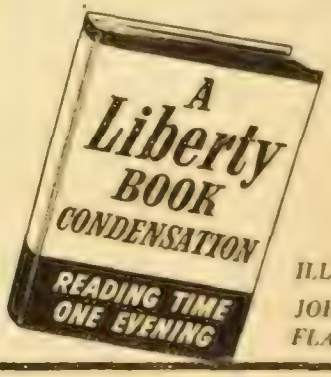
CORNELL WOOLRICH



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

HE ALWAYS called me "Angel Face" when we were by ourselves. That was a special thing, from him to me. He'd bring his face down close to mine and say he wondered where I got it, that angel face. And things like that *your husband says* to you.

Then all at once it stopped. And before I knew it, it was weeks since I'd heard it.

His blue suit was missing from the closet, and that was strange. I worked my way deeper in along the hangers. His gray one was missing too, and that was stranger still. Two suits was all he had, except the one he was wearing.

There had been one or two little things before this. There was the powder compact. He'd picked it up on the street and left it in the pocket of his overcoat. He saw me looking at it and he told me how he'd happened to find it. People do lose compacts. Even solid-gold ones inscribed "To Mia from Craig." But then the very next day I asked him what had become of it. "Oh, I got rid of it," he said offhandedly. I said, "Why, it was gold!"

"Nah," he disabused me. "I thought so too, but I had a jeweler test it for me. It was just gilt metal."

But would they stamp "14K" on anything that wasn't gold? I didn't tell him that I'd glimpsed that on it. I don't know why. When you feel happiness beginning to slip through your fingers you hang on as tightly as you can.

I thought of that when I turned away from the closet. I went to the storage one in the hall, where he kept his valise empty and unlocked between business trips. Now it was locked. I could hardly lift it, it weighed so much. Everything in it already, ready to go.

They say every one has to go through it at least once. They say the best is to seem not to notice, and it will work itself out. Try and do it sometime—when you're

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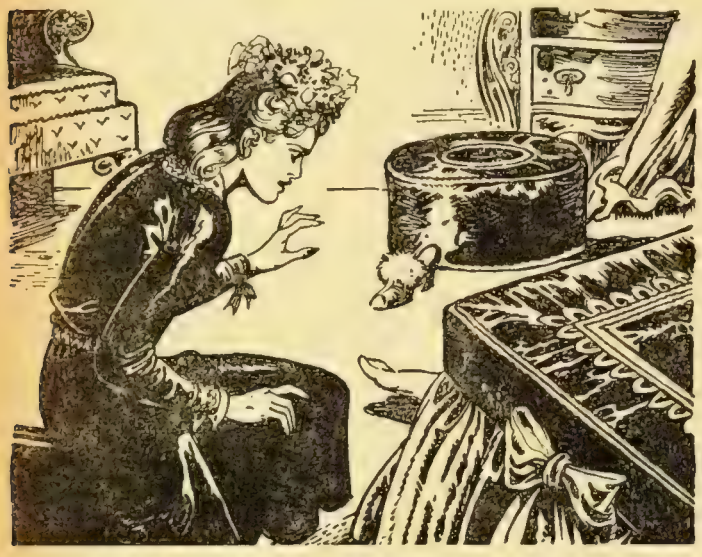
twenty-two and it's your first experience with it. At first, all I could think about was the compact with "Mia" on it. What an odd name, Mia. It seemed impossible that there could be more than just one person in the city with just that name. I'd clipped it from the theatrical page of the evening paper. She was brunette, as the Rachel powder in the compact had said she would be. Her eyes were wide and languorous, and her lips had a sullen, pouty look. She looked good to stay away from, but then I'm not a man. The caption below it read: "Mia Mercer, one of the attractions appearing nightly at Dave Hennessy's Hermitage."

I went and got it now and took it out to the kitchen with me and propped it up against something. I reached along the upper cupboard and toppled down that bottle of ceremonial gin of his. I let out a little into the jigger glass and gulped it down. I thought some plaster had fallen and hit me on the chest for a minute. Then suddenly it seemed so easy to decide what to do.

I took more pains dressing for her than I ever had dressing for him. And yet he was really the one I was



dressing for. I had to be careful. Enemy eyes. Finally I was ready and I got out fast. I knew if I didn't go quickly I'd never have the nerve to go at all. And for the first time in four years I didn't give a damn what there was going to be for supper. I was going to get her address from that Hermitage place, and I did.

It was one of those remodeled private residences converted into apartments. But of the expensive variety. It was the type that offers extreme privacy. No attendants in the lobby; an automatic elevator. I found her name beside one of the door buttons, but before I could put my finger to it a delivery boy came out and he politely held the door for me.

When I was standing before her door on the second floor I wanted to be back home again; I wanted to be anywhere but where I was. The false courage of the gin had worn off. But it seemed senseless not to wait long enough at least to find out if I had the right person. They'd let drop at that Hermitage that Miss Mercer had turned in her notice two days ago and was going away on a vacation, she'd said. Yeah? I thought bitterly. On whose time?

She was taking a long time to answer. My courage was oozing out of me by the minute. I rang again, longer, harder, louder. Then I gave the knob a twist only as a symptom of frustration. The door wavered loosely. It must have been off the latch the whole time. I could see a strip of room about a foot wide. I said, "I beg your pardon?" No one answered.

Not finding her in emboldened me. I stepped inside, closing the door softly behind me.

Enemy territory, I thought. It was a decorator's job. Swell to look at but no good for living in. Floods of vivid turquoise blue: upholstery, carpet, drapes. Then, all over, like flecks of blood, dabs of vermilion.

I moved toward an arched opening into the next room. Through it I could see a section of boudoir. The note in there was a sort of lush coral pink. It was drenched with it. I could see the foot of a satin chaise longue sticking out, with a rumpled coverlet on it and a mule lying under it, toe-up. She must have dressed in a hurry. I didn't go in. For some strange reason it seemed less reprehensible to be trespassing in her living room than in her boudoir.

Everything was monogrammed. There must have been a time she hadn't had much of anything, and now that she had plenty of everything she had to show that she had. She'd thought up a symbol of two M's overlapping so they looked like a single capital with four downward stems.

Suddenly the telephone began to ring. It kept on and on, until I couldn't stand it any more. I went over to it with furtive, trembling haste. Beside it was a little address book, its leather cover dyed that blue and stamped with the same monogram.

I lifted the receiver and put it to my ear. A man's voice said instantly, and with a sort of hurried intimacy, "Hello, Mia?" And then over again, because there was no answer from my end, "Hello, Mia?"

That voice. I would have known his voice anywhere.

"Hello?" he kept saying. "Hello, Mia?"

The colors in the room ran a little; a drop or two of turquoise seemed to swim around in my eyes. I didn't want to spring a cruel surprise. He was being cruel enough for the two of us. I put the receiver back.

I didn't have to worry about whether I had the right person or not now any more.

WHY do they get you to learn to love them, if this is how they're going to treat you? Why do they come around you when you're seventeen and minding your own business getting along all right without them, if this is how they're going to act when you're twenty-two? I sobbed deep inside. Why don't they leave you *alone* if they don't mean it? As I walked past the arched opening leading to the next room I stumbled over the end of the chaise longue. That wasn't a slipper projecting from the other side of it. That was a foot; a leg.

I suppose I smothered a scream. I remember I got down and edged aside one of the pillows. Coral sateen it was, and so soft, so harmless. But some one had smothered her to death with it. I got up, cold and sick. I'd never seen a dead human being before.

I made several panicky turns this way and that: then I located the door and sped for it. But as I reached it the thought of Kirk came to me. They mustn't connect him with her. They mustn't know he'd known her or— I remembered that little address book. I went running over and picked it up and leafed through it. There it was, on the M page—his name and office number.

First I was just going to tear the page out. Then I realized it would look too incriminating. So I thrust the book into my handbag. They weren't going to find *his* name around here, not if I could help it.

I told myself I'd better get out of here fast, before somebody came along. Even so, I knew enough not to bolt out and run a risk of blundering into some one outside. I stood listening intently beside the door for several moments.

It was because I stood with my head tilted at just a certain angle that I became aware of this fleck of color against the expanse of the door. It was in the seam, just over the lower hinge. As I turned the knob it fell out on the floor. I picked it up. It was half the cover of a match folder folded together. Its purpose had been to retard the swing of the door slightly so that, though it might look closed, the latch tongue would fail by a fraction of an inch so it could be reopened from the outside.

It was one of hers. It had the M on it. It was blue, but of a darker shade than the turquoise she favored so. I was about to throw it back when the thought of fingerprints occurred to me. I had already handled it. So I thrust it into my handbag with the address book.

I peered out. There was no one in sight and I stepped outside. There was no one below either. It was a tactfully serviced building. I walked quickly away from that bad place, frightened and sick but thinking, "I have him back again. *She* can't take him from me ever again."

When I got home a new fear struck me. He had already tried to reach her on the telephone. He might try again. And then, that failing, he might go over there.

I dialed so fast the slotted wheel made a blur beneath my hand. I shouldn't have waited this long to try to reach him. I couldn't understand what had made me overlook such a glaring necessity.

He had left the office ten minutes before I called. He was going there, to that place, and there was no way I could stop him. I might have saved him by reporting it to the police myself, if I'd only done it in time. Then at least he would have walked in there after them, not ahead of them.

Now there was nothing but waiting. Sometimes I stood by the window, cooling my face against the glass. Sometimes I sat still, pressing my eyes against my hands. Sometimes I got up and moved aimlessly around from room to room. Then finally came the point at which I knew I couldn't stay here any longer. I wrenched the door open—and there he was, standing right on the other side of it.

It was uncanny; it was almost like mental telepathy. I put my hand out and touched him. He felt so good. So good and solid and *warm* and *present*.

I only saw him at first. He'd been standing there in that funny way, looking for his key, I supposed. He'd been in a fight. As if I cared! He could have been in ten, so long as he'd come back to me now. His lip was split, and there was a cut over one eye, and a strand of his hair hung down in a dank fishhook over his forehead. The only thing that was strangely missing was the whiff of alcohol to go with it.

I reached up and fondly pushed the fishhook back in place, but it came right down again. I put both my arms around his neck, tight, and hid my face against his. He shoved me unexpectedly back, and when I looked up in surprise I saw it wasn't he but the two men who were with him, one on each side, who had shoved him. There was a glistening little chain from his hand to one of theirs.

He said, "Don't be frightened. It's all right."

One of the strangers laughed. " 'It's all right' is good."

That chain; I couldn't take my eyes off it. It hurt; it was wound so tight around—my heart.

AFTER they were inside with him and the door was closed, he said. "They think I—" He stopped and started over again. "Well, look. There was a—"

"I *know*—I *know* about it. It wasn't *you*. *Tell* them. Kirk, not you. Tell them."

"Yeah, tell us, Kirk," one said.

"How did you know? The radio?"

"I was there," I said. "I was right there when you—"

I saw the start of surprise he gave. He reached out his free hand and touched the corner of my mouth in a sort of caress. But one finger lay across both lips at once, the upper and the lower, to warn me.

"Tell them, Kirk," I kept saying.

"I have been—for hours. It doesn't seem to help." He was coming back to me more and more. I could feel it. Not from this police business; from *her*, I mean.

"You don't think so, do you?" And when my swimming eyes had told him, the best they could, he said, "Well, I have that much at least."

I had him back again.

I turned to the one who had stayed right beside us. He'd had to, because of that little steel chain. "He couldn't have, don't you see? He was at his office. He was at his office until after six. I phoned him there; he'd just left; the girl'll tell you—"

It was like talking to stone. Even his eyes were stone.

The other one came in from the hall carrying Kirk's valise with him. "Yeah, here it is," he said.

The one with us said, "We better let him go, Flood. She says he couldn't have done it." He didn't even crack a smile. Maybe he didn't even know he was being cruel.

Flood said, with a touch of lazy compassion, "Aw, don't rib her, Brennan. I've got one of my own home. I know how they are."

"Yeah," Brennan said. "Ready? Let's go."

I flung my arm around Kirk's neck, as if to hold him there with me. I pleaded to the one called Flood. "But he was still at his office after six. I was over there myself at her place; I was there, I tell you, around five, and she was already—"

Kirk's cuffmate gave me a withering look; he was disgusted by such a transparent prevarication. "Sure," he said dryly. "You had tea with her, I suppose. They were going away together tonight, and you dropped in for a sociable farewell visit. Or maybe to help her pack."

The one called Flood didn't take it seriously either. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Murray," he said. "That wouldn't help much even if it were so. You see, the coroner says it happened between one and two in the afternoon. Murray here may have been back at his office by the time you phoned around six, but he admits he was over at the Mercer place just around that very time. In fact, he was seen leaving the building at a quarter of two, so there's no virtue in his admitting or denying it."

Kirk said, soft beside my ear, "Don't say that any more, about you going there. Please, for me, won't you? Thanks just the same." He didn't believe me, either.

"I couldn't get in; she didn't answer the bell," he went on. "So I waited a minute or two, and went away again."

Brennan raised his hand to show me Kirk's. There were red streaks on the back of it.

"Her cat *did* that," Kirk said. "I've told you where those came from over and over."

Brennan said to Flood, "She wouldn't let him in, but her cat raked his hand."

"It was outside in the hall. When I tried to grab it, it slashed at me and ran away. It acted like something had frightened it. But it was always running out like that, beating it up to the roof and places, so I let it go—"

"Good alibi, that cat," Brennan said. He let their hands drop again. "But not good enough. Come on." He gave his wrist a directional jerk so Kirk had to turn in answer to it, the way a dog does on a leash. I tried to draw his face down to mine, press it to me, but his cheek slipped away and was gone; I couldn't hold it. They were taking him out the door.

AND then, after the long dragging months, I sat there in the lawyer's office, and the lawyer came back from the courtroom. He couldn't look at me at first. I just waited, with my eyes burning at him. Wasn't he going to say it, ever?

"I'm appealing it, of course."

"Say it. I can stand it. Only say it quick and get it over with."

But he still wouldn't name the word; I had to myself: "The chair? The electric chair?"

He looked down at his desk in assent. It exploded in my mind. *My husband has been sentenced to death.*

"It isn't over yet. You're taking the typical layman's point of view," he said. Or something like that.

I motioned that aside too. Of course it was over. The sentence had already been partially carried out on both of us. In our hearts, if nowhere else. How could we both be ever quite the same again? They'd never give me back quite the same man that had gone up there to that place where they kept them. They'd never give him back the same wife that he had left behind.

After a while, in a voice that wasn't like my own at all, I asked, "How did he take it?"

"He said he was glad you weren't there to hear it. He thanked me for not letting you come."

"When? Tell me the date."

"The week of May sixteenth."

A moment or two went sluggishly by. "I guess I'll go now," I said. "There's nothing to wait here for any more."

He came outside with me. He said, "I'll take you downstairs and put you in a taxi. Do you want the girl to ride home with you?"

"No," I said. "I'll be all right. I'll have to get used to going around alone from now on, I guess."

IT'S hard to say good-by for good at any time or any place. It's harder still to say it through a marked wire. It crisscrossed his face into little diagonals. It stenciled a cold rigid frame around every kiss. And nothing should come between the kisses of a man and his wife.

He said things that went right through me. "Every

one's entitled to be forgiven at least once. Even a dog; they give a dog three bites—"

"You are, you were, long, oh, long ago."

"There's something else I want to tell you. I've always wanted to, ever since that night. You remember that night?"

How could I ever forget it?

"I only went there to tell her the trip was off. I'd been thinking it over. I knew it was you, had always been you, would always be you. The other thing was just a week-end spree, a binge, no different from a kid playing hooky from school for one afternoon—and coming home all rashed up with poison ivy afterward, so he don't do it again in a hurry! Only, I was supposed to meet her at the station, and I couldn't just let her stand there waiting. So I went over there to tell her. No one answered at two, the first time I was there. I went back to the office and tried to reach her on the phone a couple of times in between. Then, when I couldn't get her, I went back again when I left the office. I don't expect you to believe me; I wouldn't blame you if you didn't. But, Angel Face, it's true. I wasn't going with her."

"Darling," I said, "I've always been able to tell when you were lying. And I've always been able to tell when you were telling the truth. So don't be afraid. I believe you."

"Thanks." He sighed gratefully. "That'll make it a little easier."

They came over to take him inside again. So this was it now, and words became just empty sounds. "You'll be back. This isn't good-by. Now remember that—I'm just saying so long to you for a while. Take good care of yourself, darling—until—until I see you again. Oh, wait! Just let me kiss him once again—"

I WOULDN'T have wanted the flat any more, even if there had been money enough to hang onto it; I would have run into him a thousand times a day. I would have heard him howling for the towel that was never there; heard him chuckling in the corner where the radio used to be. I would have heard him snoring in the other bed, late at night—

Life was simpler here in a furnished room. Life was a shot of novocain. Life was carpet slippers all day long, and a bathrobe, and hair that wasn't combed. Life was a rickety iron bed that wasn't slept on—just was wept on. Life was a can punched open maybe once a day, not from hunger, just from a sense of duty.

One night a policeman came to return his things. They give you back all but the main thing: who was in them. That they keep; that's theirs, to plug into the lighting system and then throw away.

Hanging over the policeman's arm, empty, they gave me a horrible twinge, as though—it was over and he was gone already. And if I let out all the stops afterward, that was just between me and those clothes of his.

I knew, though, as I lay there, face burrowing into his jacket, that I could never be so utterly, heartbrokenly, abandonedly forlorn again. You can only cry like that once. Once, and for one man. I gave him that. That was my testament of love.

The things that had been in his pockets that last night were in a couple of little manila envelopes, fastened to a buttonhole of the coat. I emptied them out. The money he'd been carrying and his wrist watch and his key holder and his seal ring were in one. And less valuable things in the other. A chromium pencil, a business letter or two, and a laundry ticket.

And a battered package of cigarettes, with two left-overs in it. Oh, they were so honest, these police! They wouldn't touch a convicted man's last cigarettes. But they'd send him, for something he hadn't done, up to meet his—

The pitiful collection was all spread out on my lap. No, wait—one last thing. It came sidling out at a shake of the envelope. A folder of matches. It was one of *hers*. I recognized it by the turquoise cover, the double M that looked like a single M with double outlines. I had seen one of these match covers up there myself. It was just like this one; it had an M on it, and the pasteboard was blue on the outside.

But I remembered something else: that other one had been blue, but not turquoise; a far deeper shade. And the M wasn't double-lined; it was single-lined.

That other cover was *not* hers. That initial stood for somebody else. And that somebody else had killed her. Somebody whose name began with an M and who seemed to have the same crass flair she did for having things personalized with an initial had been to see her that day and had fixed the door so he could return and catch her off guard.

Oh, if I only knew all the people she knew whose names began with M! I ran and got the book I'd snatched up and taken with me that day.

I opened it at the M page. My fingers had stopped being steady any more. I thought: *Some* one in this book killed her. The name is on this very page. It's staring me in the face.

Marty	Crescent 6-4824
Mason	Butterfield 9-8019
McKee	Columbus 4-0011

I'm looking at it, my mind repeated, and I can't tell which one it is. It might even be "Marty," which had a line drawn through it.

I was going to find out.

I HAD to have some one to turn to; I couldn't go the thing alone. So I walked into the precinct house nearest to where she had lived and asked, "Is there a Flood here?"

"Wesley Flood, on Homicide. That who you want?"

"I—I guess so." I only remembered it was Flood who had been a little bit human the night they brought Kirk home.

He couldn't place me for a minute, I could tell. Then he remembered. "You're Murray's wife; that's it!"

I told him yes, that was it, and I caught a flicker of sympathy in his eyes. But I didn't want that; I wanted advice and coaching. I told him what I'd found at the Mercer apartment, what I thought it meant, and what I intended doing about it.

He heard me through. There was no mistaking his expression, though. Finally I had to say, "You still don't think I was up there that day, do you? But look. Here's her book!"

He leafed it, tapped it a couple of times against his thumbnail, handed it back. His attitude was unmistakable: It was over; it was water under the bridge. Whether I had been up there or not didn't matter any longer. Hadn't mattered in the first place. The case was closed.

"Look," he said. "Even granting that your husband isn't guilty and that there's some one else who is, don't you see you may be starting from a wrong premise? Those she knew well, those she knew best, mightn't be in it at all. She'd be so familiar with their numbers she'd know them by heart, wouldn't write them down."

I thought of Kirk's name. She'd known him well enough to try to vamp him into going away with her, and his name was in the book. I didn't tell him that; there was still an ache in that old wound.

"What I'm trying to tell you is this," he went on. "There's no certainty."

"But nothing's ever certain, is it? Only that you people have the wrong man."

He lifted his eyes deprecatingly. "Ah, you'd only get all muddied up. You're too nice a person, Mrs. Murray. Don't try it. You're not her type; you won't know how to handle half these people."

"I'll have to learn."

Maybe it showed on my face. Maybe he thought it would be kinder after all to let me start out on a hopeless foredoomed quest than to just sit counting the days as they went by, crossing them off one by one on the calendar of my mind until that red-letter date, sometime during the week of May 16 was reached.

Anyhow, he suddenly changed. "Try it, anyway," he said. "Go ahead."

I'd intended to anyway, whether with his benediction or not. But I did need some one to angel me, even if against his own convictions.

"Will they—do you think I'm running any risk of being recognized from the trial?"

"Well, I didn't know you at first, and I'm supposed to have a mind trained to remember faces. You didn't take the stand, and you were kept pretty much in the background. I'd say if you change yourself around a little you'd have a pretty good chance of not being recognized."

"Now, what sort of evidence will I need for it to be any good from the police point of view? Documentary, or will it just be enough if there's some slip made in the course of conversation?"

"There wouldn't be any documentary evidence in a case like this," he let me know. "You don't find murders written down in black and white, like bank statements. If you can get anything, come to me with it, even if it's only a rumor, a piece of idle gossip. That'll be enough from this policeman's point of view. If there's anything to it at all, we'll see that it gets turned into something documentary."

He saw me to the door. "You go ahead, and luck to you." But then at the very last he couldn't resist adding, out of sheer kindliness, I suppose: "Will you do one thing for me, though? Don't take it too hard if it doesn't work out the way you expect it to."

I knew he didn't really expect me to uncover anything, because he thought everything had already been uncovered.

"I'll show him too," I vowed. "I'll show them all."

First I called the one that had the line drawn through both the number and the name: "Marty . . . Crescent 6-4824."

"Is Marty there?"

"Marty who?"

I parried. "Who is this I'm speaking to, please?"

"This is the desk of the St. Albans Hotel."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I have no second name. I'm trying to reach some one I know only as Marty. Have you any one registered whose first name is Marty?"

"I don't know. I'm rather busy at the moment."

I made my voice pleasantly reasonable. "This is important. If I come down instead of taking up your time on the phone, won't you please try to help me?"

His own voice relented. "If you drop in I can have some one look over the registers for you."

IT was a pleasantly prosperous-looking place, a residential-type hotel, spelling a solid, substantial, middle-class affluence. That was likely to prove in my favor, I realized as I stepped in. This type hotel attracted a much smaller percentage of transients than a commercial hotel, and the guests would be more likely to be known personally to the management and to be recalled by name even after they had gone.

Sight at firsthand evidently improved my status. The manager himself came out to me. He had something jotted on a card.

"I had them go back three full seasons," he said. "There's a Martin Ebling who was with us some time ago. He left as his forwarding address Cleveland. Then the other is Martin Blair. He left as *his* forwarding address another hotel here in the city." His lip curled in a sort of professional disdain. "The Senator. I think you'll find that farther downtown."

I took them both down and I thanked him and left.

It was only when I'd reached there and gone in that I fully understood that lift of his lip. The clerk had a badly decayed front tooth and eyes that had looked on everything vicious there was under the electric lights.

"Marty Blair," he said. "Yeah, I remember him. He was put out a long time ago. We got tired carrying him. Once wasn't enough. We had to keep putting him out over and over. He kept trying to sneak back in again each time, even after the door was locked."

"Then you don't know where he went?"

He eyed me bleakly. "Wherever they go," he said, "when they're down and out for the tenth count. The Bowery, I guess."

"The Bowery?" I said helplessly. "How do you look for them along the Bowery?"

"Once they hit that," he said, "they're usually not worth trying to look for any more. That's a living graveyard."

"But suppose he still *was* worth trying to look for, then what would I do?"

"Just go in one smokehouse after the other until you find him—if you can recognize him any more."

I told him I didn't even know what he'd looked like.

"He was just an ordinary guy. Thin and tall, kind of. Light hair—light brown hair. That's about all I remember."

Flophouses they were, I guess. They called themselves hotels; their signs offered rooms at twenty-five or thirty-five cents a night, and there were scads of them along there. The entrance was always one flight up, never on the street level.

I went in one after another—night after night I went. Over and over and over. Up the dimly lighted stairs to the little niche or cubicle with a slab before it that served as a payment desk.

"Marty—his name is Marty; light brown hair."

I got a break at last. "I bet I know who she means."

one of the men sitting around cackled. "Heartbreak. That guy that's always talking to a dame that isn't there. His right name's Blake or Blair, something like that."

"Blair," I nodded. "It's Blair."

He shuffled forward. "I can show you where you'll mostly find him. Down at Dan's place."

I went up to the bartender there. "I'm looking for Heartbreak."

He just looked at me and looked, as though he'd never get through. Then he pointed. I saw a head, inert on one of the plank tables, one arm half folded around it. I saw two empty thimble glasses, one before him, one before the empty chair beside him.

I turned to the bartender. "How do you wake them up when they're like that?"

The bartender came back with me, bringing a mug of cold water. He pulled back the shabby collar a little, baring the nape of the neck. Then he let the water trickle in a thin thread down on it. Heartbreak stirred a little finally, grunted, rolled his head. The bartender left and came back with something cloudy in a tumbler. Spirits of ammonia, maybe.

"Here's a drink, Heartbreak. One on the house."

The eyes flickered. He moved slightly, and I saw him looking down at the floor. His eyes had found my shoe beside him, and the tan silk ankle above it

I watched, breathless, afraid to move. He stared steadily, then pain clouded his eyes, and he turned his head aside. The dream was too old; it had fooled him too many times for him to believe it now

"Ah, Mia, don't," he pleaded. "Don't kid me like this!"

Thus he gave me her name, and I knew the quest for "Marty," at least, was ended. The quest, if nothing else.

I spoke to him softly, as to a child.

"You're Marty Blair, aren't you?"

I saw, by the little start of remembrance he gave, that he hadn't been hearing the name for a long time.

"Here, have a cigarette," I said soothingly. I even had to put it to his mouth, strike the match for it. He seemed dazed, incapable of doing anything but just looking incredulously at me.

Then finally he said, "But you're in *her* seat." His eyes went to the empty jigger glass. "And what'd you do, finish off *her* drink? I always buy one for her even when I can't buy one for myself. Then sometimes she don't feel like it, and she lets me have it afterward."

I said, "She couldn't come tonight. That's why she sent me instead. I'm a friend of Mia's, Marty."

I waited to see what the name would do to him. It did plenty. The smile was livid, like an incision made across his whole face.

Then came the answer to what I'd said—totally unexpected, like something bursting in my face. He said, "I was her husband. Didn't she tell you that?"

I didn't have to be too careful with him; his faculties were still tinctured with smoke. "Yes, I know that. Wasn't there a divorce, or something like that?"

"No," he said. "I just got left behind."

"When was the last time you saw her?"

"I see her every night. The smoke clears away and there she is, next to me, and I buy her a drink."

"Yes, but when was the last time you *really* saw her?" I urged. "You used to go up and see her sometimes, too, didn't you, as well as having her come down here?" And to make it stick, I added, "She told me you did."

"Yeah," he said, "I used to. I used to, lots. It hurt too much, though. So mostly I didn't go in; she didn't know about it. I just watched her windows from across the street, in the rain and in the snow—"

I kept drawing an imaginary line along the tablecloth. His eyes were on my finger, hypnotized.

"And then when they went away I'd go away—kind of happy—because she was by herself again."

"They?" I breathed, scarcely stirring my lips.

"Whoever it was. I was never near enough to see. But you could tell the way the lights would go out, and then later somebody would come out of the doorway. Only mostly they didn't come out again. I had to go away first. The cops would make me. And that hurt."

I said, "Marty, would you like to sleep in a bed tonight and not just in a doorway or on a bench?"

He looked at me and said, "Some people do, don't they?"

I took his arm. We must have made a strange-looking couple, leaving that place. A woman and a dead man. I appealed to the barman on the way out. "I want to take him some place to sleep."

He didn't make the mistake of misinterpreting, at least; but then, sizing the two of us up, how could any one have?

"Try the Commerce, over on Broome Street," he said.

In the place on Broome Street I paid a dollar for a room for him and went upstairs with him as far as the door. I told him to take off his things and get some sleep. Then I went away.

Had he done it? Hadn't he? He was her husband. He'd been mad about her in the colloquial sense first. And now he was mad about her in the literal sense. There'd been a line drawn through his name in her book, and he'd waited outside in the rain, in the snow, watching her windows, to claim her back again each time somebody left. Until one day, *that* day—hadn't it occurred to him there was a better way of claiming her forever, with never another vigil necessary, with never another dispute about his title to her?

I already had for him a splendid motive, an exquisite motive. I already had for him an incriminating vigil outside her windows that the police had never even suspected so far. Now all I needed, I felt, was a guilt reaction from him. It must be unforced, unsuggested; he must not realize that he was presenting it. Then it would be valid; then it would be substantial enough to hand to Flood. And finally I thought how to get it.

I would accuse *somebody else* and see what he did.

I WENT the next day and knocked. There was no answer, and I got frightened. I thought I'd lost him all over again. I opened the door and looked in. He was there. He was dressed. He was sitting on the bed, inert, his hands dangling between his legs.

I said, "They're sending us up two cups of coffee and some rolls. I told them to."

He mumbled, "Gee, you're being pretty nice to me."

I let him be for a while out of common, everyday humanity, until the coffee came and he had some in him. When he had put his mug down on the floor, empty, I said, "Would you like a newspaper? Do you ever read the newspapers?"

"No. There's nothing in them has to do with me. What do you want with me?"

"I knew Mia, you know."

A hunted look came over his face. Or maybe it was a haunted look; I didn't know. He wasn't going to go on, so I had to.

"When I last saw her—oh, about three or four weeks ago—she asked me to—"

His face hardened, turned brutal, especially about the mouth. "She's dead," he said.

I went on quietly, "I know that. But how do you know it? I thought you didn't read the newspapers."

No guilt appeared. Only a shuttering of the eyes, an expression of blank groping.

"Did you go up there, maybe, and see her lying there right after it happened? Don't be afraid; there's no harm in that. Isn't that it, Marty? You found her lying there with one of her own silk stockings twisted around her neck, choked to death; isn't that it?"

"No. She was—smothered to death with a pillow."

I said, "You see, you did go up there; that's how you

knew. That's all right; there's nothing to be nervous about. You opened the door and saw her there on the floor, so you quickly closed it and went away again. Nobody's blaming you for—"

He said with childish querulousness, "She wasn't in the front room; she was in the one she slept in."

"You see, you know the whole thing," I said. "You say you don't read the newspapers, so you must have gone up there and seen it for yourself. How'd you get in?" I tried to make my voice sound admiring.

He began to shake his head. He looked puzzled. "I didn't go up there," he murmured. "I didn't do that, because she wouldn't 'a' wanted me to. The last time I did she threw me out. She said she'd call the cops if I ever came near her again. I just watched from across the street after that."

I looked in my bag. "We need some cigarettes," I said. "I'll go down and get them." I was going to phone Flood. I had enough for him now. "Just stay here where you are; I'll be right back."

I opened the door. The blat of a cheap little radio in one of the adjacent cubbyholes came welling in. He quirked his head.

"That's how," he murmured.

"What?" I said from half over the threshold.

"That's how I heard. I remember now. I didn't read it in the papers and I didn't go up there. It came in over the radio at the Silver Dollar place. I can still remember the words by heart. Sometimes they say *themselves* over, without me doing it at all. 'A woman was found murdered late this afternoon. The victim was Mia Mercer, a brunette about twenty-eight years old, who had recently worked as an entertainer at the Hermitage—'"

I closed the door and came in again. He'd got himself a stay but not yet an acquittal.

WHEN it got dark, we were still in the room together. His voice was a lazy thread stitching through the silence.

"She was in a little blue dress that night; I can see it yet. It's funny how you go to some dance just because you've got nothing better to do, and here, ten years later, you can still remember everything about it as clear as if it was just the night before.

"I can even remember the piece they were playing. It was Always. Every time I've heard it since, it's meant her in a little blue dress the first time I ever saw her. It was our song, hers and mine, and now it's just mine."

His guard was down and this was the time. I felt sorry for him for a second, but this was the time and I had to use it.

"I know who did it, Marty," I said quietly.

His eyeballs rolled upward. "Yeah, that guy they've got up there now. Everybody knows."

"No, no, I don't mean him. I know who *really* did it. *I was there when it happened.* I saw him, and he didn't know it; he didn't see me."

A pulse throbbed in his cheek. "Why didn't you—tell some one sooner?" He swallowed in the middle of it.

"Maybe I didn't want to get mixed up in it."

"Why didn't you scream or holler, try to save her?"

"I was afraid he'd do it to me, too, if I did. I stuffed the corner of a towel in my mouth to make sure he wouldn't hear me. I was in the bathroom. I was going to take a shower—and by the time I looked, it was over. But I saw him."

"And you've never told anybody?"

"I've never told a living soul."

"Tell me who he was," he said in a husky whisper. "I want to know. I've got to know."

And if it had been he, he wouldn't have to know; he *would* know already.

I felt all limp and starchless. He stood acquitted now.

He got off the bed and put his hand on my arm.

"Tell me who he is; tell me."

"Why? What satisfaction is it to you to know? There's a man convicted for it already, and—"

"That isn't enough; that's no good to me. I'm the one who loved her. I want to know who really did it, whose hands *really* did it!"

"I don't know."

"You said you did. You said you saw him. You're trying to back out. You think I'm just a bum, not worth telling it to. I want that one thing from you, d'you hear me? I want to know who you saw kill her."

I went toward the door. He got there first. I tried to paw him aside. He didn't actively menace me; just bore my hands down, stayed there. I'd conjured up this tatterdemalion jinni myself out of a bottle of alky, so to speak, and now I couldn't exorcise him again.

"I wasn't up there, I tell you!"

"You said you were, and I believed you the first time. Now, who was it you saw? You're going to tell me." He caught my arm at the wrist. He started bending it up toward the shoulder, the wrong way.

"Don't! Let go! You're hurting me!"

"You going to tell me? You going to tell me?" he kept breathing into my averted face.

"All right." I gave him the only name and address that came to mind. "Now let me out of here!" There was water in my eyes from pain.

He stood aside, and I ran into the hall. As I hurried along it, rubbing my numbed arm to bring the circulation back, I was thinking that it was just as well that the name and address I'd given him were my own. Now he had the definite knowledge of who had killed the thing he valued most. Some one named "French"—he would see that name downstairs in the entryway—who lived in this room. What did he intend doing about it?

I had my own ideas about that, and that was why at three in the morning I was sitting huddled in a chair instead of occupying the bed. This was the definitive test. If he came here, that would exonerate him beyond any shadow of a doubt. Surely if he had done such a thing himself he would not attempt to wreak retribution on some one else for having done it. Even madmen didn't do that.

He couldn't get up here from the street, and I didn't want this thing to be postponed. So I crept down the two flights of stairs and reversed the latch plunge on the street door so that it could be opened from the outside. I went up again to my own room and carefully closed the door without locking it. I carted a laundry bag over to the bed, kneaded it and stretched it and its contents into an outline that suggested a torso. Then I arranged the coverings over it and put out the light.

It was four o'clock now. I thought about them, the two of them. What a strange way for their love story to end up. The girl dead; murdered and infamous and vile. And a derelict, a stumble-bum, who was once a boy, is about to creep up the stairs of a strange house to murder some one he has never seen before, in the depths of the night. I thought of this as I crouched behind a chair waiting to look on at a murder that was to be no murder, that was to be the act without the deed.

The clock went tick, tick, tick.

Outside there, past the door, the third step from the top snarled all at once. It always did when you stepped on it.

I couldn't even tell when the door opened or when I first saw that shadowy, blurred outline between myself and it. Suddenly in the smoky dimness there was a flash. Strained breathing choked, formed into a sob. I could hear words all run together in a paroxysm of torment and fury. "You dirty devil! Why couldn't you leave her with me?"

There was the sound of steel puncturing fabric. He'd killed the nothingness in the bed because he hadn't killed the woman, Mia. This was the final test.

Now he floundered out through the door opening.

I tried to go after him. "Marty!" I called. "Wait! Don't run like that!"

He was lunging down the stairs like one possessed. The street door gave an empty slap behind him. The knife was lying there on the topmost step. If he'd only taken time to look at it, he would have seen there was no blood on the blade.

I HAD to find him and tell him. So I went back there to that place of the unburied dead to sit beside him, to say, "You didn't kill any one in that room. Don't be frightened. I lied. No one knows who did it, Marty." I had a ten-dollar bill with me. I was going to touch his hand in parting, leave it behind. But what could I, what could any one do for him? Give him back his love? Give him back his life?

The barman looked up when I came in. "You looking for Heartbreak?" he said. "He *was* here just a little while ago. I couldn't make him out. He only had two bits left on him, and on his way out he stops and has me break it up into nickels. Four of them he hands to the four guys that are standing nearest to him. Then the fifth one, he goes over to the juke box and starts it up, and then, instead of waiting to hear it out, he goes on out, walking real steady, with a kind of smile on his face. Like he got good news or was going to meet somebody who had good news for him."

"And the song?" He didn't have to tell me.

"The song's Always."

I knew then. I remembered what I'd thought to myself the first night I'd come in here searching for him. The lower depths, this place was. The lowest depths of all this side of the grave. Nothing came after it except—the river.

"He may be back a little later on," the barman said. "They come and they go—"

I knew he wouldn't be back. Anywhere. Ever again.

But I couldn't do anything more about Marty. I had to go on.

The next number in the book was *Butterfield 9-8019. . . . Mason.*

"Hello. Who is this?" I heard when I called it.

The voice was vivid, tingling. The voice of somebody only interesting things happened to. The first sip of a cocktail in it. Everything that makes life swell in it. Everything that is life. What a voice!

I said, "I'm a friend of some one you know. I just got into town, and I'm giving you a ring, the way I promised I'd do."

The voice was open, friendly; it took me at my word. "Who's the somebody?"

"Somebody you haven't seen in some time. Now, think."

"Let's see. It wouldn't be Ed Lowrie, would it?"

I gave a rill of laughter down the scale, meant to convey admission, capitulation. I hadn't said it was; if something went wrong I could still get out of it. "Well, now that I've done my duty, I guess I may as well—"

His voice quickened. "Hey, wait! You haven't even given me your own name yet."

"Oh, I thought you knew it," I said. "I wasn't supposed to introduce myself quite cold like this. Hasn't his letter reached you yet?"

"No," he said. "No, I haven't heard from him in God knows when."

"I was afraid of that," I grieved primly. "I bet he forgot to send it at all. And here I've been—"

"Oh, come on. I don't need a letter of introduction to be glad to meet people."

"Yes, but I don't like to just foist myself—"

"You know you're not. And now, if you'll only tell me—"

"I'm sorry. I still haven't, have I? I'm Alberta French."

"So now we're friends. You doing anything for dinner tonight?" Then, as I hesitated, "Look, we both have to eat anyway."

"There is something in that, isn't there?"

He'd already rushed on past that point. "How'll I know you?"

"Well, for that matter, how'll I know *you?*"

His voice had a grin in it. "I asked you first. Tell you what—wear a flower. Something good and big so I can't miss it. A chrysanthemum."

"Yes, but that still doesn't take care of you."

"I'll be just the fellow that comes up to you and tips his hat and says, 'Are you you?' "

I knew what he wanted. He wanted to see me first from a safe distance. "That's it, then," he said. "Now I'll tell you where. I know a little cocktail bar, just around the corner from the Ritz. Can't miss. It's called the Blues Chaser. And it's like that, really. We have a date now. Don't forget."

"All right, we have a date."

WHEN I saw him my first thought was: He looks awfully wholesome and friendly to kill a woman.

I studied him carefully. Life and death depended on it. Kirk's life and death. His face was broad, substantial, solid. The skin fitted it like a glove, without any looseness or seams anywhere. It pleased you. If, for instance, you were to fall in love with it, it must please you tremendously if it pleased you as much as it did just to look at it the first time.

His eyes were very dark brown, alert, intelligent. If you looked directly into them you knew you couldn't fool him. His hair was red brown, good and plentiful.

"So you're you." He smiled, after he'd studied me.

I nodded. "How do you find me?"

He screwed up one eye in self-disgust. "I wouldn't know why I was playing safe with you."

"Well, maybe you've been stuck before," I suggested.

"There's no good reason for getting stuck, really. It's the simplest thing in the world. You see the thing through past the cocktails. If it's the face that bothers you, you've got an olive to look at instead. Then, with the soup, you step outside to buy a pack of cigarettes, and with the main course comes the rescuing phone call. Somebody's dying in your house, or somebody's having a baby, or your office is on fire. You pay the waiter for her dinner and you apologize; you'll call her, and you're out of it."

I laughed. "How many times have you done that?"

"I never have yet. I've sat and planned the whole thing, but somehow when the coffee comes around I'm still sitting there. They always look so trusting. The most I've ever been able to do is just cut the evening a little short at the other end."

I liked the answer; it spiked any suggestion of conceit.

"I must remember that; from now on all main course phone calls are open to suspicion."

He grinned. "Don't clutter your mind with stuff you'll never have to use."

"A spoonful at a time," I begged. "Not with a shovel, like that; you won't have any left."

He held a lighter to my cigarette.

I said, "Do you have your initials over everything?"

He chuckled, as though he didn't think much of it himself. "No, that was my sister's idea. Last Christmas."

He waited patiently for me to finish my drink, but he wasn't interested in his.

"Come on, let's get out of here. We've got places to go and things to do. You're in my clutches now."

You mean, I thought somberly as I rose to join him, you're in mine, whether you know it yet or not.

We didn't get home until it was starting to get light. He knew how to make time fly. But he took leave of me matter-of-factly enough, when at last he did. "I'll call you." Picked up my hand, dropped it again, turned, and went out.

I knew it was he when the phone rang next day. Who else knew I was here? This room had been taken for him, to give me background, a setting for him. I sat there in the chair without moving and let the call wear itself out. That came under the heading of technique. Keeping him interested.

It came again in about half an hour. Then it came within fifteen minutes. Interest was quickening to anxiety. I answered it the third time.

He'd been worried. "You had me going. I thought maybe I'd lost you."

"I just came in. I was out window-shopping. You know, out-of-town girl in New York."

"Isn't there something you would like to do tonight?"

"Yes. Go to bed early and get a good night's sleep."

His voice dipped again, though there was a lugubrious laugh in it. "I meant something I could join you in. New York isn't for sleeping in."

"You couldn't get me out of this building tonight," I told him firmly. "I've got just about strength enough to take me downstairs and back for a sandwich."

I said to myself as I hung up, "He won't take it. He'll ring again before the night's through."

But he didn't. After an hour, I finally did go down to get myself a sandwich. He was sitting there on a line with the elevator tier. He was holding a brown-paper bag balanced on one knee.

He said, "You took an awful long time getting down. I have the sandwiches already, yours and mine both. There's no reason why we shouldn't eat them together, is there? And then I'll see you back to your elevator and we'll say good night."

Which was the pursuer and which the pursued? He couldn't have told. I could.

IT was on a subway car that our lips first met. He was bringing me home from some place. It was abominably late, as it always was when I was out with him, and it had been my suggestion. "It's the quickest way, after all, even figuring on the station waits. Let's be plebeian for a change."

The train jarred to a stop at the station and he was flung against me in the vestibule. His face went into mine. Then he stayed that way. I refrained from moving too. The weapons weren't of my choosing, but I wasn't discarding anything.

"You'd better hold that door," I had to say finally; "it's starting to go back again."

Halfway up the steps he turned to me. "Stand here a minute. Let me try that again."

I kept on moving. "The staircase doesn't shake," I reminded him. "It was the train that did."

I thought he was kidding, but when I looked he wasn't. He had a pensive look in his eyes. Almost a little troubled.

I was troubled too, for some reason.

He parted from me more hastily than he usually did. No laughing jags tonight, no shilly-shallying. "I want to leave you now. I have a lot to think about. And though you'll be there, it's better in a way if you're not in front of me."

Upstairs it kept lingering in my ears for a long time afterward. Not so much what he'd said as the strange, grave way he'd said it. "I want to leave you now. I have a lot to think about."

"Something on your conscience?" I answered to myself. "Something about a death that comes back now and then to plague you—particularly at the birth of a new love? The death of an old love? A death you caused?"

FROM time to time I said something about going back. I didn't know where it was I was supposed to go back to, but I felt I had to refer to it, if only for the sake of plausibility. After all, he was no fool.

His reaction provided a good barometer of his feelings. "Ah, wait another week. A few days more can't hurt. There'll still be trains running." The elastically temporary sojourn became a permanent stay. I changed from the hotel room, which I had used as a springboard for meeting him, to a little one-room studio. There was not only the matter of expense, but I felt we were now at a stage in which I needed more privacy, more seclusion, to work effectively.

He took me there in his car the day I moved in.

I said to myself, "It is only right he should be on hand from the very first minute this room begins. For the day *he* ends, the room ends with him. It is of him and for him and because of him; it is through him alone that it has any reality. Without him it isn't there at all."

Little room on Fifty-third Street that I expected to forget so soon.

IT was his sister's birthday.

I had disregarded the invitation as being something he'd been responsible for himself.

I tried all the stalls I knew to get out of it. Even when she called me herself on the phone, just before the affair, I still said to myself knowingly, "*He* put her up to it."

"This is Leila Mason. I've been trying so hard to get Ladd to bring you. Come. As a special favor to me, won't you?"

After I'd hung up I wasn't so sure. It didn't seem to me any amount of browbeating could have extorted that much from a sister if she'd been unwilling. She must want me herself. I wondered why.

I went.

The sister was a tall lovely girl. She was Ladd all over. She had all his charm plus some additional little facets of her own. She greeted me with her two hands clasped to my one: "Well, you did! We must get in at least one heart-to-heart talk before it's over, even if we've got to wait all night."

It was Ladd, Ladd, Ladd all evening. He was almost grotesque about it, the way he kept me to himself.

He only released me from his protective custody at the end of the party, because I was going into a room where other men were hardly likely to follow me. I was sitting there for a few moments, fooling around with my face a little, when Leila came dashing in after me. "This won't do," she said. "I have a special place for us." She took me into her sitting room.

And then it happened. And this is how it happened: We were looking around for a light. "There's usually a lighter on this table, but somebody seems to have removed it," she said. She opened a drawer. "Good! Here's an old book left over in here."

She settled herself beside me and lit our cigarettes. I kept looking at it when she was holding it absently in her hand.

It was blue and it had that single M on it. It was a duplicate of the one I'd found in Mia Mercer's apartment.

I pretended my cigarette had gone out. I said, "May I?" and took them from her. I struck one, but what I was really doing was looking at it hard at closer range.

I said offhandedly, "Are these yours?"

"Ladd's, really. I made him a gift of a tremendous bale of them once. Silly sort of gift, wasn't it?"

I kept them in my hand. Absently, as she had. They were going with me when I left tonight.

Success had a curious lackluster; it wasn't bright at all.

She'd become serious suddenly. About Ladd and me. "You don't know what you mean to him," she was saying. "I don't know how you feel about him, and it's not my place to ask you— But don't let him become too set on you. You mustn't. For your own sake. There are reasons why—why things with Ladd should never go beyond a certain point."

It took a moment for it to sink in. It wasn't the usual stuff: Are you good enough for him? She was trying to warn *me* against *him*.

Suddenly he stood there in the doorway. He didn't look pleased. "What've you been saying to Alberta?"

She tried to laugh it off. "Ladd, you shouldn't stick your head in here like that! We might have been comparing stocking tops or something."

He said to me, "Are we going?"

"Yes," I said, "we're going." There wasn't anything to stay for now.

I WENT to see Flood the very next day. I showed him the matches.

He looked them over, shook his head finally. "They're valueless by themselves: not sufficient. For one thing, there's only your word that the two are similar. In the second place, they could have been carried there by some one else. What you've got to have is direct—"

"I know," I said. "That's why I came to see you. I want to be ready for it. I don't know how to trap it. What would you advise me to do?"

He thought about it. "Are you by yourself here?"

"Entirely."

"I'll send you something. Make sure there's no one there with you when it's delivered."

It was installed before the week was out. He came over himself to supervise.

I said, "What is it? It looks like an old victrola."

"It's built into one," he told me. "It's the same principle as these machines they dictate into in offices."

I said, "Oh, I understand; right here in front of it. Is that the idea?" I felt a little crawly.

"Anywhere around here. I'll give you the range approximately. Anything farther out than here, say, is liable to blur." He traced an imaginary line with his foot. "Keep him inside that."

He rearranged things. "This divan ought to go right up against it. I imagine it'll come in handy to you."

I could feel a little red stop light burning on each cheek; I don't know why.

"I've had this cable starter rigged up for you. See, there's a plunger on the end. Flatten it with your thumb when you want to take. I'll pay it out here, behind the divan, and bring it up here between these two cushions. That ought to make it easy."

Quite easy, I thought; just like driving nails into a cross. He said, "Call me if you think you've got anything." I wondered why I felt so low.

THAT night we were going to stay in for a change. "Look at this," Ladd said. "The lights low. Highballs cooking over there waiting for us. Great guns, even sandwiches for later! Say, you can do something to a place,

can't you? You make me feel like I've been married ten years. Only the nice part of that, though."

"Tonight's our night for getting to know one another better," I said. "Tonight's our night for reminiscence."

We sipped a while and talked a while, until the mood I wanted had grown on us, fastened on us. Not wisecrackings; bittersweet. Our voices were low; the lights were low; slanting shadows of treachery were stroked upon the walls.

"It's bromidic but it's true," I went on, "that a woman doesn't *want* to be the very first love in a man's life. He'd be too raw yet. So don't fail me, Ladd. Don't let me down. I give you two, three—how many will I need to give you?—before me."

"Two will do," he murmured, "if you must make mountains out of molehills." His voice was drowsy with the return to forgotten things. "Her name was Patsy and I was twenty, and it was one of those *first* things."

"But you loved her."

"Yes, I guess I must have, or I wouldn't still remember. It lasted about a year, and it really was pretty shiny. Maybe that was because I was twenty and she was eighteen."

Then he told me of the second one. It wasn't she, either. I could tell in a moment, and I hardly listened after that. It was briefer. He'd been older, and the skin around his heart had been thicker.

"And—?" She hadn't shown up.

"And that's all. The rest is just—my personal laundry. You wouldn't want that."

"Tell me of some one you've hated, then. That's what interests a girl about a man: the other girls he's loved—or hated."

For a minute I thought it wasn't coming, it took so long. But it wasn't the fact of trying to remember that slowed it; it was the fact of remembering, itself. "There was one like that," he said at last.

"What was she like?"

"She was rotten. Rotten all the way through."

And suddenly there it was, starting. I knew almost at the first word.

"She worked here in a club—"

I felt carefully for the plunger, with one hand crossed over behind my own back. It was hard to do that way.

"She's the only woman I ever wished dead. Well—she *is* dead now."

"What was her name?"

"She was a bum named Mercer—Mia Mercer." It was well under way now. If I just left it alone it would come by itself.

"It was just a night-life stand in the beginning. It had nothing much to do with love, believe me. I thought she was a good enough scout, but a little heavy on the—expense roll, you might say. They have no souls, so they must have things they can see and feel and touch; that's their only heaven.

"Then one night she found out something about me. Oh, nothing to speak of—I was taken ill in her place and—she got a little frightened, wanted to send for a doctor—"

I DIDN'T understand what he meant, but I thought I'd better not sidetrack him too much.

"Unfortunately, she'd found out about Leila. Leila was engaged then. Well, suddenly this woman, this devil—began changing. She became sweeter than I cared to have her be. Above all, she became too interested in Leila and her approaching marriage. Finally I told her I was through. She was still sweet after that, but discarded the build-up. Started mentioning some fantastic amount—did I know where she could get that much money?

"I told her flatly no, I didn't.

"Well, did Leila know, perhaps? she wondered.

"Leila neither, I let her know.

"Well, then, did I think the man Leila was engaged to might know?

"I smelled a rat and forced a showdown. It was this—he wouldn't want to be told Leila could be taken ill, as I had been. It might worry him.

" 'You try that,' I said, 'and I'll kill you!' "

I could hardly breathe. I could feel my heart going so.

"She pretended to back down very prettily. Oh, I hadn't understood her. She'd simply been wondering aloud whether either one of them, or myself for that matter, had known where she could get such an amount. She took leave of me very amiably. 'I'll expect you in two or three days,' she said. That was the punch line right there.

"She put me through a night of hell. The next day I told Leila. I felt it was the only decent thing to do. They were two such beautiful kids. I pleaded with her not to let it affect her. I said, 'Don't let it frighten you. It has nothing to do with you, believe me. Once or twice I haven't been well; that's all it amounts to. You've never been ill, have you? Well, that shows it has nothing to do with you.'

"It was hard work convincing her, but I finally got her to believe there was nothing to it, got her to promise me she wouldn't say anything, smash up her whole life for no good reason. I didn't tell her I was going to pay for her immunity.

"I scraped together everything I could and went over there. That was about noon on the day she died. She acted frightened. I thought it was of me that she was frightened at the time. I told her I'd brought the money she needed, and she backed away from it, wouldn't touch it. She insisted I'd misunderstood her. The only explanation I could find was that she was afraid I was setting a trap for her, going to have her nabbed for blackmail if she accepted it.

"I didn't like it. I told her to think it over and I'd be back later. She couldn't wait for me to go, and I could tell she didn't intend letting me in if I came back. So when she wasn't watching I put a little wedge in the door to make sure of getting in again.

"When I got home Leila was waiting for me. One look at her face and I knew what had happened. She'd decided to tell him after all, but she'd waited too long. He'd already been told.

"I asked her if that was the kind he was, ready to shy away at the very first.

"She said no, he wasn't that kind. All he'd said was, 'I would rather have heard it from you first.' She said, 'I released him. He didn't want me to, but I had to. It

was dead. It was gone already. He would've stuck, but I didn't want him that way, just the outside of him. Love is like an eggshell, isn't it? It can never be put together again.'

"I went back there again. I didn't have much trouble guessing the source of his information. There'd been some flaw in timing, some slip-up she hadn't intended. I thought I could understand why she'd been so frightened. I'd warned her what I'd do if she did that, and I went there to do it."

"You went there intending to kill her?"

"I went to see that she stopped living. I would have killed her if there'd been twenty witnesses there."

I couldn't stand it. "And—?"

He laughed a little, bitterly. "She was dead when I got there. Somebody beat me to it. She was lying there dead, the way I wanted her to be. I tipped my hat to whoever it was had done it, for saving me the trouble, and I went out and closed the door after me."

A sigh drifted from me. So deep it seemed unending.

He said, "I wouldn't ask any one else but you to believe that, but it's the truth." He closed his eyes.

I believed it. Yes, to the ones we love, in a room alone like this, we tell the truth.

"You're getting out of here," I ordered myself sullenly. "You're getting out of here. Hear it?"

He shifted a little to a more comfortable position.

"Do you want another drink?" I said softly.

He didn't answer for a moment. Then he looked at me in transient awareness. "Sweetheart, I'm so sleepy. May I take a little nap here? Just for a little while? I'll go later."

His eyes dropped closed again.

I walked quietly about. I picked up the few things I had, and dropped them in my cheap lightweight little case.

I hate writing notes. But I didn't want him to wait too long. He might think I was coming back. Just—"Good-by, my dear. You never knew me. I never knew you."

I left the light on so he wouldn't be too lonely when he woke up. He'd be lonely enough, but at least he wouldn't be in the dark.

And next it was *Columbus 4-0011 . . . McKee.*

"McKEE'S gone over to his club. Won't I do just as well instead?"

I made myself sound cordial. "Well, almost. But not quite. He told me to ring him at the club. And I've lost the number."

The voice said, "Howje get *this* number? He never gives this number to no one."

"Oh, I've got a way," I said lightly.

A change of voices took place. The new one was deeper in pitch, "Whaddye looking for, a dancing job? Come over here to the Ninety Club and we'll audition you."

You went in the side way.

The place was barren-looking. Tables huddled in a corner, piled atop one another. One had been left out where it belonged, and there was a man sitting at it. There were eight or ten girls there, grouped about.

The man at the table said, "You an applicant? All right. Drop your dress."

"On the floor?" I quailed.

They all roared. He said, "The maid'll be right around to pick it up for you. She ain't here right now. Makes it very inconvenient."

A door opened and a man came out. Tall, almost grotesquely tall. Black-pitted eyes and hair almost as dark. Handsome, I suppose. But hard, with the passionlessness of concrete, of a steam roller that flattens you impersonally if you happen to be in its way.

I looked at his hands. They could have; they already must have—not once but many times. I looked at his eyes. They could have watched that other thing unflinching, as they watched this line of girls now.

Some one sat down at a piano. The man at the table said, "All right. Line up for a time step."

This was to weed out the obvious incompetents. I was the first one to be weeded.

The man at the table said, "Hey, you, number three. Step out. You're tangling up the whole line."

The tall figure lounging by the door spoke. "Give her a chance," he said. He turned to me. "What do you do? You got some sort of specialty or solo? Is that it?"

Thus for the first time McKee had spoken to me.

"Yes," I said, "I do a solo."

"What'll you have?" the man at the piano said.

I couldn't think how anything went. I remembered something that Kirk used to like, but by name alone, not how it went. "Moonlight and Roses," I stammered.

He started it, and I realized it was too slow to do anything with. I didn't know anything about dancing. I could only think of two things to do. Pirouette and kick high. So I pirouetted. And I high-kicked. The third high kick was too high. I sat down. Straight, in a vertical line.

A howl went up. Even McKee joined in it. Then suddenly his face froze. "Wait a minute. I don't laugh easy. If she can do that to me and to every one else in the place here, what'll she do to an audience with fizz under its belts? She's in for seventy-five a week."

I NEVER got near him all that week. I only saw him at a distance.

We had a dress rehearsal in the afternoon, the day the show was to open. I put on the dress I was to wear, for the first time. Until then we'd just used practice shorts and things. The old woman who had charge of the costumes was fooling around the bottom of it when I put it on. It was a lovely-looking piece of business, clouds of filmy black, like mist. There were two long streamers attached to my wrists, and when I moved my arms they opened out like wings. And for the head there was a sort of silver arc that went halfway around, on the order of a halo. The woman happened to look up, and she stopped dead; stayed like that on her knees.

"What's the matter?" I said.

She sounded out of breath. "It's a sin to say it around here, but you look like—like a vision up above the altar of a church." And she almost acted afraid to come very near me and finish putting in the tacking and the pins.

I'd heard them all say there was no tougher audience than the opening-night audience at a night club. I saw what they meant as soon as I'd stepped out there.

There was a blur of faces. Nobody was looking at the floor space. People talking from table to table, dishes and glasses going. Even the cigarette girl was getting more attention than I.

Somebody saw me at last. He gave one of those long-drawn-out whistles. All of a sudden there was less noise. All of a sudden it was quiet.

You can feel things. I knew something about me was doing something to them.

I heard a drunk say close by me, "Is it real? Boy, I'm getting good ones now for a change!"

A mantle of oddly attentive silence fell over the place. Only the music went on, subdued, a little melancholy, for that was the way we had arranged it. For perfection of contrast, I was to fall to stately, muted music, not the raucous, laughing kind.

I kicked and fell, and a gasp went up. Then I did it again. The laughter was slow in coming, but it came finally, dragged out by sheer repetition of the grotesque. I knew I was destroying something, but I didn't care. It was something I hadn't sought, didn't want.

I could see McKee looking at me as I went off. He looked sore. He was at a ringside table over at the other side of the bandstand. There were two men with him, the same two that were always with him, Skeeter and Kittens. He said something and one of them beckoned to me to come over.

"You did that for the last time tonight," he said. "What's the matter? Haven't they got any sense around here?" It was his own idea, but he'd forgotten that.

He said, "Sit down. It isn't often that I have a chance to sit with an angel. I want every one to see."

The sit-down falls ended that night. He had some one teach me a few simple turns and dips and bends. Just enough to give the illusion of dancing. "No one looks at anything but your face anyway, so if you move across the floor a little, that'll do," he said.

And then one night this arrangement ended too. As

dramatically as everything else that happened with him. He'd just come in. With Skeeter and Kittens, of course, never alone. He stood there looking at me. Something got him. Jealousy, some possessive instinct or other.

Suddenly his voice boomed out: "Kill that music! Kill that spotlight! Hey, you back there, take that spotlight off her!"

The music died. The spotlight dimmed. The girls behind me stopped, knees elevated. I stopped, and the swirling black mists settled about me.

His voice was a bay. "Get 'em outta here! Never mind settling their bills; get rid of 'em! They're not gonna look at her any more! I won't let 'em look at her! Nobody's going to look at her but me."

In another minute there would have been a full-fledged panic on. Some of the more timorous customers already were making for the entrance.

The club manager snapped his fingers in an urgent aside. "Boys! A quick rumba. Hurry up, before we lose any more of them!"

Somebody put my coat around me from behind and I was gently but insistently pushed toward him by about six or eight hands at once—the way a noontime meal is prodded gingerly toward a raging lion's maw.

As I reached him, as we came together, there in that crowd around us, suddenly—I don't know why—he was so docile; he was so contrite; he was some one I could wrap around my little finger.

He put his arm around my waist. "Come on, Angel, don't be frightened," he said with husky solicitude, "I'm taking you out of here with me."

I'd made it all right. But it occurred to me to wonder how I was ever going to manage the return trip—away from him again—when the time came.

IT was a strange place he had. A fantastic place. High up on a turret on Central Park West. It wasn't any definite freakishness or bizarreness of appointment; the thing was, there was a discord to it. The setting and the occupants didn't blend, clashed at every turn. It was like this: He was touring me through the rooms with pardonable pride. "This is one of the boys' rooms."

And the boy in question—Kittens—was sprawled sidewise athwart the bed with a pipe cleaner in one hand, a loosely dangling revolver in the other. And on the wall, superimposed along with the carefully chosen hunting prints, was a startling photograph of a nude, clipped from some art magazine.

That sort of thing. A certain discord between the occupants and the surroundings.

He didn't try anything. He only said unobtrusively at one point, "You could have all this."

I found a check in the pocket of my coat when I got home. It was signed "Jerome J. McKee" and endorsed on the back, as a sop to my scruples: "For one year's salary in advance, for professional services to have been rendered, Club Ninety." It was for ten thousand dollars.

I knew how to use it most effectively. He was putting my own weapons into my hands.

I put some red on my lips and made a print of them just under the endorsement. I wrote beneath that: "But no." I put it in an envelope and mailed it back.

That meant I would be getting the highest possible return out of my money.

HE was giving a party. For me, he said. He was in a dinner jacket when I arrived, standing there supervising a great long table they were arranging in the dining gallery for about twenty or thirty people.

He was like a kid. Skeeter had been standing unobtrusively by, and as McKee came forward to greet me Skeeter crept a stealthy foot nearer the table. McKee whirled on him. "You touch another one of them salted almonds and I'll bust your jaw!"

I had to tell myself, "These men have killed people."

Within the next half hour McKee's past came to life before me, came in the door in twos and threes. No, not the past. Who knew where that actually was at this moment as he stood beside me greeting arrivals? A lumpy torso huddled, ankles to throat, in a rotting sack in a lime pit somewhere. A wavering, undiscovered thing under the waters of the harbor, feet in a cement cast. A skeleton under a garage floor.

His present, then, came to life before me, came in the door in twos and threes. In a sort of strained demureness that was their new respectability still sitting uneasily upon them.

He had me at his right.

I kept thinking, The safe is in the study. I saw it in there. Tonight is the time.

Suddenly he stood up. He looked at me privately, then at them. "I'd like to make a little speech—tell you why you've been brought here tonight. It's like this. Every one finds some one. But most men, they just find women. I'm a man in a million. I've found an angel." He looked at me. "Give me your hand, Angel."

I stretched it out mechanically, already beginning to be a little afraid, even before I knew what was coming next.

Something cold, cold as death, that struck a shudder into the very deeps of my heart slipped down my finger. I'd never seen a diamond that size before.

It went up to his lips and down again, and the kiss now struck the same cold shudder into me that the ring had.

"I want to announce my engagement to Miss Alberta French—our engagement to be married."

He leaned over toward me. "Say something to them. What's the matter? Did I startle you? Look at her, how white her face is. Was it too sudden for you? Don't be frightened—"

I kept saying to myself, "This isn't real. This isn't so."

If Kirk's face would only get out of the way—

I found myself standing suddenly, so I must have risen. I didn't look at him, nor at them. I raised my glass high.

"To my husband," I said in a steady voice.

"KEEP it on," he coaxed in the study. "It's bad luck to take it off like that."

"That's the wedding band," I improvised; "not this. I'm worried about it. There are so many people here—and look, it's a little loose, and I don't want anything to happen. Let me put it in your safe. I'll put it on again when I'm ready to go."

He found me charming. If I'd stood on my head he'd have found me charming.

I put my hand on the safe's dial, stood waiting in an attitude of trustful helplessness. "Tell me what I have to do."

For a moment his innate caution held out against his heart. He cast a brief look of sober speculation at me.

I pouted a little. "I thought it was an *engagement* ring."

He raised my hand and put his lips to it in amends. "I wouldn't do this for any one but you. Steady it so that little arrowhead points straight up first of all. That's it. Now go around this way until you come to eleven—"

HE came back from seeing the last of them out. "I'm glad you stayed to the end like you did; I was afraid you'd—"

"It was my party. I couldn't leave before all of them did." I hooked a finger to an inadvertent yawn.

"Tired? Shall I take you back now?"

"I'm almost too tired to go back," I said languidly. I hooked a finger to a second yawn. "It seems too much trouble to go all the way over—"

An idea hit him, born of his solicitude. Or perhaps my yawns. "Say, you wouldn't want to—? I don't suppose you'd feel right about staying over here?"

I looked up wistfully. "If I could be sure you wouldn't misunderstand—"

"How could I ever misunderstand anything you did?" he protested with an almost luminous sincerity. "That stage ended long ago with you and me. You shouldn't say things like that to me. You ought to know me by now. You'd be as safe here in my place as you would back at your own."

"Then I think I *will* stay," I acceded impulsively. "After all, we're engaged, and I'm too tired to care about the looks of it."

I took leave of him at the door of my room. "Now you won't do anything to make me regret this, will you?"

I knew he wouldn't. I could tell just by looking at him. He would as soon have thought of desecrating a church.

To be worshiped, though I didn't realize it at the moment, is far more dangerous than simply to be desired.

He refrained even from kissing me, lest that seem to be an attempt at tilting the delicate balance between us.

FIRST you steadied it so the arrow pointed straight up. Then around *this* way until you came to eleven—

It came open quite easily. Quite easily and quite silently in the slumbering, plushy silence of the apartment.

I shifted the boxed ring over to one side. Then I eased out a strongbox that stood at the back. I opened it. Bonds, whole packets of them. They weren't his; they were registered in the name of Michael J. Dillon. There was a smaller fitted-in box in the upper compartment of the safe. I took that out.

Currency, tight-packed little bricks of it, with the amounts or denominations serialized on them, the way banks do. Under them, sheaves of checks, perforation-canceled. I rippled through them, scanning the payees.

Her name suddenly flickered up at me as I went on too far. I toiled back to it again, retrieved it. "Mia Mercer." Two hundred and fifty dollars. Salary, or what?

Suddenly I went into reverse, crushed the lid flat on them, started the box hectically back into the safe.

I was too late.

"Mr. McKee won't like that," Kittens said in a sort of grieved remonstrance from the doorway.

"My ring is in there. I wanted to see if it was all right. I had a bad dream just now and—"

"There it is in front of you. It's those other things you were taking out. I watched you through the crack of the door."

I died a little more than I had already.

"I didn't mean anything by it. You know how curious women are. Don't—don't tell him about it."

His face twisted into a grin. He pushed the safe door flush with the frame. "O. K. It'll jist be something between you and me." Suddenly he'd caught me to him.

"Don't you know what McKee'll do to you if I tell him you tried to kiss me? Don't—*please*—ah, please, don't!"

"I ain't trying to kiss you. I don't like kissing, myself. Just let me twist your hand a little, like this. Ever since I first saw you I've been dying to—"

I screamed, more in stark terror of the pain to come than at any he'd actually caused yet. He was a pain worshiper.

Then—I'd never seen any one hit so hard before. He went into the table, took that with him as it overturned, and toppled backward over it, legs bucking briefly in air.

McKee didn't go after him; he held back, froze there where he'd first struck him. The hardness of cement. The implacable steam roller pulsing in leashed motion.

He said to me in a breath-choked voice, "Get out of the room. I'm going to shoot him. I don't want you to see it."

Kittens stumbled to his feet. "She was going through your safe—I caught her. You can shoot me, but it's true, McKee—she was going through your safe." Blood peered at the corner of his lip.

"Did he see anything like that?" He was waiting for me to say no. That was all I had to do.

Something locked in me. I knew he'd kill that man within thirty seconds if I said no. That was all I had to say. I couldn't bring myself to. One's better instincts can show up at the damnedest times, to one's undoing.

Then suddenly it was no longer necessary to speak. The wind had changed direction. I'd lost my chance.

"Look, boss," Kittens' hand was on the safe front; he'd tilted it out from the frame, showing it to be unlocked.

"He doesn't know the combination," McKee murmured. "Neither of them do." He was saying it to himself in a sort of sad confirmation.

He didn't say anything more; he let it go at that. I was losing him, like some one standing on a shore loses a boat carried out on the tide, and I couldn't do anything to stop him.

"I'll take you back to your room," he said to me. His voice was still intimate, considerate; there was still the special quality left in it he'd used for me alone. I saw his lower lip trembling a little.

Halfway there I suddenly stopped, planted both hands against him in appeal. "McKee, you've got to believe me. I didn't see anything I shouldn't have."

"Not even about the Sabatino affair?" he said dryly.

"No. No. Nothing but some bonds belonging to a Michael J. Dillon, and I hardly gave them a second—"

"Even the middle initial," he mused wryly. "You know I could be sent up for that, don't you, if it ever came out? You know Michael J. Dillon, 'Crooked Judge Dillon,' as they called him, disappeared eleven years ago, and I could be accused of something even worse just as well as not?"

I'd heard of him. Every one in the country had. The "Michael J." had thrown me off.

He'd spoken quite gently, in a tone of indulgent remonstrance, but I knew, in unshakable premonition, I'd signed my own death warrant.

"I'd never tell any one on you."

He took my hands and stripped them off him like empty gloves. He held the door open for me. "Good night, Angel," he said caustically. "Angel in Black."

I crouched there, listening, as he closed the door on me. I couldn't hear anything at first. Then suddenly I heard Skeeter's voice. He had come into a position from which I could hear that and no more, opposite the room opening.

"Don't take it that way, boss."

From McKee, no answer

I could feel the blood leaving my face. The verdict must have gone against me or he would not be mourning.

A further long, breathless wait. Then suddenly another remark reached me: "The place on Long Island."

From nearer at hand, but in a guarded undertone, I heard a voice ask, "Are you coming with us?" Again I failed to detect the answer; perhaps he had just shaken his head.

An alarm bell was ringing in me wildly. "I've got to get out of here!" the voice of panic shrieked above it.

The bell stilled suddenly; its clapper hung breathless. He had just knuckled the door.

I spread-eagled myself against the door. "Don't come in. I'm—I haven't got much on."

"I won't come in. I just wanted to talk to you."

I opened it on a crack, kept back behind it.

"I'm sending you home with the boys."

Home, I thought; home into the ground.

"I thought you said I could—"

"I know, but I have to leave. I just got word, and you wouldn't want to stay here alone. Don't take too long to get dressed, baby. The boys are waiting, and I want them for something else—afterward."

What a horrid word that was, "afterward"; it seemed

to give off vibrations, like a knell, long after he'd turned and gone away again.

I ran to the triple casement. Frustration eddied through me like a nausea as I stopped. We were so high up that perspective became a crazy quilt, lost all coherence. I tore myself away. There was a bath to my room, and I went in. Then there was another door that led out of the other side of it. It had been locked on my side when I was still a goddess. I unlocked it now, listened.

The room beyond was dark and unoccupied. For a moment hope shot up again. There was only one farther door. It must be through there or not at all. But as I reached it and softly pared it away, a crevice of light ignited along it, like a noiseless but livid fuse suddenly set off.

Hope went down again with a sickening thud. A figure in shorts and undershirt was revealed, foot to chair, attaching a garter to his leg. A muffled voice said to some one, presumably in a room beyond, "Bring a little chloroform along, in case we have trouble with her in the car."

Stealthily I smoothed the door closed again.

There was a telephone in the room. Light fanning out from the bathroom caught it for me, pinned it against the wall like a beetle, licorice black, glistening black.

I crushed myself against the wall, smothering it with my body. Such a loud clatter the release of the hook gave. I wasn't sure of whom I was calling until I held it cupped to my lips, like a sort of chalice of salvation. I only knew I needed help, fast, in the worst way.

I thought she'd never get on, answer the signal.

And then, when she had, suddenly it seemed to come by itself; it was my heart speaking out in its fright to the only one it remembered.

"Butterfield 9-8019." (And hurry, operator, hurry!)

A SLEEPY voice got on—one of the servants.

He couldn't hear me. Oh, the fool, he was killing me! I had to do it all over again.

"Quick—Ladd! Only Ladd will do! Don't stand there—"

"I know, miss, but it's after three o'clock. If you'll only give me an idea of who you are, I'll see whether—"

"Tell him Alberta. This is an emergency. Tell him to come quickly if he loves me. If he ever loved me."

If he loved me; if he'd ever loved me. Oh, he must have, all right, to come so fast. I could hear the floundering rush of unshod feet. I could hear the fright in his voice, needling sleep to pieces.

"What is it? Where are you? What's happened?"

"Sh! Listen carefully. I have only a minute. I'm in an apartment on Central Park West. They're taking me out of here in just a minute."

"The police. I'll get them there right away; I'll—"

"That'll be too late. I won't be here any more. They'll deny I ever was. No one'll ever find out where—"

"Where are they taking you? Got any idea at all?"

"I heard one of them mention Long Island."

"That means the Queensborough Bridge, nine chances out of ten. Where is the place you're in right now?"

"In the upper Sixties."

"They'll take you through the crosstown cut in the park at Sixty-seventh, then. Maybe I can cut in on them—"

"Oh, Ladd, don't miss me, whatever you do. Ladd, his car—the license plate is 072-027."

I got back to my room just as McKee entered from the other door. I moved across the threshold ahead of him. "Why are you sending me home in disgrace like this? You wouldn't let them do anything to me, would you?"

He gave me the oddest smile. I could translate it so clearly: "There *was* a soft spot there, in that place, until a little while ago. You're just too late; it's sealed up now. But how well you remember its location, don't you?"

He took me into the room where the other two were waiting. He said to them, "She's a little frightened, boys. Don't drive too fast."

If I hadn't known already, it was a dead giveaway the way the two of them flanked me. They didn't exactly stand one on each side of me like sentries, but somehow they were there, closer than they'd ever walked beside me yet.

Then Skeeter had me in the back beside him. Kittens was at the wheel. We skimmed through the Sixty-seventh Street transverse, the park a black desolation on either side of us.

I was holding the cigarette they'd given me—as executioners are wont to do—fast in my mouth without benefit of hands. It shed sparks backward on the wind.

As we neared the Fifth Avenue exit, a stalled cab came into sight, hugging the westbound lane, vis-à-vis to us, motionless there where it had no right to be. Its headlights flared up as we came near and splashed over us

as we passed. It must have been vivid enough to catch our license number on the wing. Three long blasts of the horn chased us into the tunnel.

The tunnel ended and we came out into the light. Suddenly the black shape of a lightless car slanted itself into mid-thoroughfare dead ahead of us.

I heard Skeeter scream, "Look out, he's cutting us off!" Kittens slued us over.

The offender immediately ebbed back again, but it was too late to do us any good. We were already off course. The inside wheels struck up onto the pedestrian lane with a sickening pitch and we lurched, motionless, on the far side of the erratic jaywalking car.

We sat there, dazed from the cushioned buffeting we had received. Kittens was leaning his face down on the wheel, his senses evidently doubly dislocated by this shaking up coming so soon after McKee's frightful blow.

Suddenly the door on my side was wrenched open, and Ladd was standing out there.

He didn't say anything. He didn't have to. I made an abortive movement to lurch out through the opening and join him, then swayed back into place again.

"I can't, Ladd. He's holding a gun against me!"

"Stay where you are, you out there. Don't come any nearer!" Skeeter warned him over my shoulder.

The cigarette was in my hand and I acted on instinct alone. His hand was against my side, just over the hip. I swept my hand around, and burrowed the live cigarette deep into the back of his hand.

He snatched it back, and the gun fell loose onto the floor. I sprang down beside Ladd. He closed in and sent his fist crashing through into the car. It caught Skeeter, bending down to retrieve the gun, off balance.

"Up this way, quick!" Ladd said tersely. "I've got a taxi waiting at the other end of the tunnel. Keep in front of me."

A moment later the shot came. There was something unreal about it. A shot right in the middle of a New York traffic by-pass. I'd thought they were louder than that.

Footfalls kept pounding relentlessly after us. We were nearly at the tunnel mouth. "There he is!" Ladd gasped.

A red taillight glowed out in welcome to us. He flung me inside just as the second shot came. He clung to the outside door handle as the cab swept off, then floundered in after me.

A police whistle was starting to blow, faint and querulous, somewhere out on Fifth Avenue, now it was over.

He said, "Do you want me to take you to my place?"

I said, "No. Take me to my old place; I'll be all right there. That is, if it's still available."

"It's still there waiting for you," he said.

IT would be light in a little while. New York was a night older. I couldn't hate the town. I forgave it. It was easy to, with him there with me. Tender there with me.

"Over it now? Better?"

"Better," I answered with heavy-lidded eyes.

"How'd you get mixed in with such a bunch?"

"I was trying to find evidence that might help my husband." I wasn't watching what I was saying.

Then I thought. Oh, he may as well know now as any other time; he's got to sooner or later. I was too tired.

"I'm Kirk Murray's wife, and I've been trying to help him. I found his name—McKee's—all your names in a little book of hers—"

I saw I'd hurt him, so I stopped.

"Then it was sort of a police assignment—on your own?"

"Yes, but— Don't look at me that way!"

"That was all you wanted with me, too. I was just a name on your list. I was just a suspect and you were just an informer. Then I didn't really meet you, know you, *live* you—"

What could I say to that? I saw I'd hurt him badly, more irreparably than I knew.

He'd been holding a small glass in his hand. That was the first sign of anything, that glass. There was a crunching sound, like some one crushing nuts with his teeth. A little white stuff like coarse sugar trickled out of the hand he'd been holding it in. Then the brown liquor dripped out. It slowed, attenuated, changed slowly to red. Became drops instead of a continuous line.

I said, "Oh, you've—"

He was looking at me, as if to ask me what it was. His eyes looked funny; they weren't right.

A trembling started. Then retching. That went deeper than the throat. Deeper than the chest. The stomach. Down through the very legs. Until—it was all of him.

"What is it? What's happening to you?" I begged.

He kept doubling and straightening again.

"You brought this on," he heaved. "You should have loved me, as I did you. The shock. You brought it on—"

I tried to help him. "Lean on me. Let me get you over here to—"

"And I said *she* was low! Even *she* left me some guard against herself at least; you crawled into my blood, into my brain. Now I can't get you out and I can't have you either. Well, I *can* get you out, if I have to. There's one sure way that never fails."

He was trying to get at my throat. But something was the matter with his reflexes. Fluctuations, like a sort of alternating current passing through him, would interrupt the clutch of his arms each time; yet they kept coming back, coming back, as I retreated before him.

"Don't—Ladd! You don't know what you're doing—"

Foam was suddenly flecking his lips.

"I know what I'm doing. I'm going to"—and he lunged for my throat again—"if I die a minute later myself."

He pressed me back against that cabinet Flood had brought into the place. I tried to reason with him, even at this pass. Terror wasn't absolute, as it had been with McKee. It could never be with him. The thing gave behind me, shunted aside, and we were wedged in there. A little space, but big enough for dying in.

I kept trying to hold his eyes with mine. "You can't. You can't do it!"

"I've done it before. I can do it this time too. I'm going to kill you as I killed her."

"You didn't. Don't you remember? You went there and she was already— It wasn't you, Ladd. You said so."

"I did. It was. I never told any one, not even you. I was afraid it would stand between us. Now know it and be damned to you. You've broken me all open."

"I can't breathe, Ladd. Can't—breathe—"

He held the words down in me; he wouldn't let anything through.

He was swinging my body from side to side now, like a rag doll. I could feel my legs sweeping bonelessly far over one way, then far back the other way again.

Suddenly he let me go, and I was all limp, but alone, without him. I kept coughing strangledly and pulling at my own throat, and blurred figures moved before my eyes until they were able to focus properly again.

He was at the open window, on the *outside* of the open window, one hand grasping the frame, wavering there, so ill, so stricken, so alone, against the night. My heart went out to him, the heart he had tried to founder.

The figures sprang forward. One was Flood.

I only knew I had to speak, speak quickly; they must hear me in time. I clawed at my own throat to free it.

"Don't shoot," I pleaded raspingly. "Don't shoot."

I heard their breaths all go *ihf-f-f!* I turned slowly, and by the time my eyes reached it they only told me what I knew already. The window was empty.

LATER they had me sitting there huddled, lonely, my eyes staring down toward the nothingness on the floor. "It's a good thing we got here in time." That was Flood. "That car left standing there tonight, when those shots were investigated, was traced to him. We've been keeping him under surveillance, anyway, ever since that transcript was taken out of the thing here; there was enough on it to warrant that. He's been seen coming around here pretty steadily, and when we were unable to locate either of you at his address, we thought of this place."

I heard somebody say to him, "What was that? He acted like he had the bends just before he went over."

"Epilepsy, I think," he answered in an undertone

I remembered what he'd once told me: "I got ill there one night up in her place. She got frightened." And his sister: "He can't tell you this; I'll have to—"

It didn't matter; I would never remember this last scene; the heart is kind that way. I'd only remember a face across from mine at the Blues Chaser a hundred years ago, a minute ago, forever.

I got up and went to the window. Flood didn't understand. "Don't look down there," he warned me.

"I wasn't going to. I was going to look up—" I didn't finish it. That's where they go in your memories of them: up, not down.

Suddenly, behind me, they brought him back again for just a moment or two. Unwittingly, without intent at cruelty; somebody's idly straying hand must have done it.

"I've done it before. I can do it this time too. I'm going to kill you as I killed her."

"It's on there!" I heard Flood exclaim.

For only a moment or two, but I couldn't bear it. I arched away from the sound as if a knife had been put in me.

Flood was shaking me so I would listen. "You've done it! You've saved your husband! It's on there, all you need. Do you hear what I'm saying? You've done what you wanted. He'll be back again."

I said after him, like a parrot, so he'd stop shaking me, "I've done what I wanted. He'll be back again."

I turned to him in sudden supplication. "Please go. All of you. *Please!* I can't hold out much longer. Something's going to happen to me, something I don't want you to see."

He gave a quick order or two. "All right. That's all for now. She's been through a lot; she's all in." He cleared them out and went after them.

I got the door closed, but they didn't go away quickly enough. Two of them were slower than the others.

The tears weren't just wet. They were heavy. They pulled me draggingly downward against the floor, face pressed into it, while they stormed and raged from me.

I could hear the voices in surreptitious inquiry of one another out there as the sound reached them.

"What's she feelin' bad now for? It came out all right. She got what she wanted, didn't she?"

"I dunno. Unless maybe—say, d'you suppose?—she musta loved him."

"She must have," kept echoing through the freshets of

my woe; yes, oh, yes, she must have. She must have, all right! . . .

This morning he was leaving me again. He always leaves me. I don't know where he goes, but each time he goes I'm afraid I'll never have him back again. Then when he does come back it's only to leave me once more.

He was leaving me like he always does. Slowly, in that most poignant, hurtful way of all. Each time he goes I hear his voice again that night of our first meeting at the Blues Chaser.

Everything that was ever said, that was ever done, that had to do with us at all, keeps coming back over and over all the time. They are so few; they must be made to last.

This morning he was leaving me again, drawing away slowly, moving softly backward out of the room, thinking perhaps I was asleep and trying not to disturb me. He was near the door now—the door I could never pass through myself. His face was turned to look back at me. Now he was drawing the door slowly closed after himself. Now he would be gone again.

I started upright, arms stretched out to him, to show him I wasn't asleep. "Ladd, wait!" I called out to him, more loudly, more heartbrokenly with every breath. "Don't leave me behind! Don't leave me behind!"

And then the miracle did happen; my plea was heard. The cry was answered this one time. His face grew clearer again, came back toward me. He hovered over me, sat anxiously down beside me, tried to quiet my wildly reaching hands by nursing them with his. At last drew me to him and kissed me soothingly on the brow.

My eyes flew open and I was in my husband's arms.

I hid my face against him. I felt him touch his finger to the corner of my eye and the touch of it was wet.

"Why are there so often tears in your eyes, like this, when you wake up?" he asked softly. "Who was that you were calling? Who is it hurts you so?"

"Somebody I knew in a dream, I guess."

"I know you've been through a lot. There's nothing more now."

"No," I agreed sadly, "there's nothing more now."

"Angel Face, don't ever leave me."

"No. And you won't leave me either, will you? I don't want to be all alone."

"You're so loyal; you're so mine."

His face is close to mine. He's cost me dear, but that's the price, and I won't quibble.

"Angel Face," he murmurs low. He always calls me that; that is his name for me. That is a special thing, from him to me, when we are by ourselves.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

JOHN P. MARQUAND'S latest book is called **So Little Time,** which relates directly to the story it tells of Jeffrey Wilson, his family, and especially his son Jim, during the year or so before the fateful December which plunged us into war.

It might well have been called The Times and Opinions of John P. Marquand, however, since that seems to be what it deals with principally. Marquand pens the smoothest, suavest satire of our time, and here, through the medium of Jeff Wilson's observations and acid intelligence, he employs it superbly.

The story itself, through a series of cleverly run-in flashbacks, takes Jeffrey from his school days in the little town of Bragg, Massa-

John P. Marquand

chusetts, through the first World War as a flyer, to New York, where he works on a newspaper, doctors plays, and marries Madge, who is very rich and very social, through his association with Jesse Fineman, theatrical producer with whom Jeff takes an occasional flyer on a play, into his friendship with Minot Roberts, superwealthy and perfectly Union League Club, to Hollywood for an episode with Marianna Miller, an actress, and back to New York for the final scenes which center around Jim's going to war.

It includes satirical sallies at most of the characters who crowd

Theodore Pratt

the book's pages—Jeffrey's brother Alf, typical small-town smarty with a knack for conning other people's gags and money, Mintz, the movie-maker, and Hal Bliss, his director, Sinclair Merriwell, the book publisher, Walter Newcombe, foreign correspondent, who speaks of Churchill only as "Winnie" and is the constant companion of captains and kings, possessor of all the inside information, yet unable ever to bring off a successful prediction.

It takes a highly humorous turn dealing with Mr. Gorman, Jeff's caretaker, who lives on his ability to talk people out of expecting him to work, and with Jeff's younger son, Charley, product of progressive schools and just too well adjusted to his environment. It is gentlest with Marianna, who loves Jeff and with whom, for a while, he comes close to contentment.

Only Jim, Jeff's older son, escapes its keen thrusts—Jim and Sally Sales, the girl Jim loves and whom Jeff helps him to marry just before Jim leaves to fight—because Jeff knows that there is so little time for Jim to get started on the elusive road of satisfactory living, the road Jeff missed somehow, somewhere, long before.

Marquand welds story and satire into a smooth, well turned novel. Beyond that, he gives us a cool, detached, critical look at a fascinating part of the American scene bridging the two World Wars. Nobody has done it any better, any more deftly. With this book Marquand comes as close as anybody I know to being the American Thackeray—and he has the additional grace of urbane humor.

YOU can spend a very pleasant week-end with **The Barefoot Mailman,** by **Theodore Pratt,** a book that has charm, color, and a lively story to tell. The barefoot mailman is Steve Pierton, a lad who carried the mail between Palm Beach and Miami before Florida became the American Riviera. He has successive adventures with a girl, a land "boomer," beachcombers, electioneering, death, and birth along the Florida coast in the early '80s, and you'll find reading about them satisfying and thoroughly enjoyable.

Wise Rhymes for These Times

1. Smart Franny Fox has ample stocks
Of foodstuffs stored away.
She's very wise—she cans or dries
What's plentiful today!

2. When Fred plays chef, smart Mrs. F.
Won't let him waste a *bean*.
They make a deal at every meal
To lick the platter clean!

3. The food that they've been glad to save
Is helping win this war.
Now that's *your* cue on what to do:
EAT UP—WASTE LESS—HAVE MORE!

A SUGGESTION FROM

Calvert

Makers of the whiskey with the "Happy Blending"

Today, we are distilling *only* war alcohol. But a limited amount of choice whiskey is still available from reserves. Every drop is the same prewar quality that made these whiskies America's favorites. Today, more than ever . . .

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
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F. W. Fitch, President
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MEN!

my shave creams contain special

SKIN CONDITIONER

Developed especially for super-sensitive faces . . .
FITCH'S SKIN CONDITIONER brings "solid comfort"
shaves to men who have "tried everything"

HERE'S a shaving cream that contains a special "SKIN CONDITIONER" for men with sensitive faces . . . even sensitive faces with tough beards. This great Fitch's No-Brush Cream with its soothing, lubricating effect prepares the tenderest face for a "solid comfort" shave . . . And when you start shaving, you'll actually *feel* the difference. For even against the grain, the razor glides along, giving you a closer, cooler shave. Then, PLUS ALL THIS—the ingredients of your after-shaving lotions are contained *right in* the shaving cream. So—Fitch's No-Brush SUPPLIES ALL 3 SHAVING NEEDS!

BRUSH USERS! Ask for Fitch's Brush Shaving Cream. It also contains this special "skin conditioner" and gives an abundance of lather.

BIG 25¢ AND 50¢ HANDY JARS

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NO BRUSH **SHAVING CREAM**

AND FITCH'S BRUSH SHAVING CREAM

THE F. W. FITCH CO., DES MOINES, IOWA · BAYONNE, N. J. · LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

HYPNOTISM WORKS FOR SCIENCE

Continued from Page 23

been able to demonstrate some of the purely emotional causes of stomach trouble. The hypnotized subject is "fed" a fictitious meal and then given certain suggestive words—"mother-in-law," for instance. The doctors then take a sample of the stomach's contents and find that its acidity is abnormally high. The experiment is repeated, this time omitting the disturbing word. The test now shows only normal acidity.

Latest of the Lewis-Sarbin experiments is the blood-sugar test. A hypnotized subject is told that he is eating sugar. If he had really eaten sugar, the blood would absorb it, thereby temporarily increasing the blood's sugar content. Insulin is the substance in the body which turns sugar into energy; in normal persons a proper blood-sugar balance is maintained because insulin is constantly doing its job. Diabetics do not have sufficient insulin in their bodies; without occasional injections of insulin, sugar would pile up fatally in their blood stream.

But the hypnotized subject receives no sugar in his blood stream. Nevertheless, the suggestion of sugar is enough to cause the body's insulin to go to work on the sugar already on hand. The result is that the blood-sugar content is decreased.

This does not mean that hypnotism should replace insulin in the treatment of diabetes. But it does point toward some of hypnotism's unrealized potentialities.

HYPNOSIS has been used to treat alcoholism successfully after other "cures" had failed. The folly and horrors of alcoholism are described to the hypnotized patient, and the suggestion is made that he has lost his craving for liquor. Finally, a picture is painted of a happy new life filled with specific occupations and interests and unmarred by the desire for liquor. Patients may require further hypnotic treatments about once a month for a year, until it seems certain that the danger of relapse is past.

Certainly there are many limitations. "Hypnotism," Dr. Milton H. Erickson wrote in a recent medical paper, "is not a miracle worker, even though its results sometimes seem to be miraculous." It may not work with the same effectiveness in all cases of the same type. Much seems to depend upon the individual patient. Satisfactory results have been produced only when hypnosis has been applied by an experienced psychiatrist or physician.

Yet there are enough successes to its credit for one to be able to say that hypnotism has emerged, out of the more than a century-old shadows of disrepute, as the shining instrument of modern psychiatry.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WHAT I would like to have under my command is a platoon of these so-called solid citizens of our communities who think their daughters are too good to go out with servicemen. I'd fix 'em!

To my way of thinking, the least our solid citizens could do would be to help provide a little social life for the fighting men quartered in their towns. Don't forget, this is a "people's Army." I get fed up with hearing about certain cases where men get the brush-off just because they wear the uniform of the United States armed forces. If they're good

Big steak!

enough to save your country, Mr. Solid Citizen, maybe they're good enough to come over some *awftahnoon* for tea, don't you think?

O. K. That's my gripe for today.

Shifting to the opposite tack, here's a word for the thousands—and millions—of good Americans who *are* doing their part to make life pleasanter for servicemen.

An Ohio lad who's a private first class at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado, writes in to comment on a recent item we printed about Dennison, Ohio. The women there are giving out coffee and doughnuts to every serviceman who passes through. This lad says he's proud to come from Ohio, where they do stuff like that, and then he tells about the swell reception he's had in Denver. Let this be a lesson to those referred to in the opening paragraph:

"The first time I went into town, I started talking to a man, who invited me to go on a trip into the mountains with his family. We had a big steak, cooked over an open fire, all juicy and brown. Oh, boy, I can still taste it!

"The next Sunday I went out to his home and he called up his niece. She came down to his place and got me. She introduced me to her mother, and the first thing her mother said to her was, 'You go in and get your school work done and then take this boy out to lunch. Then this evening we'll take him out to dinner.'

"That is just what happened, and it all cost me just forty cents. I know it sounds like I was gold-bricking, but there was nothing I could do about it.

"Since then I have been out to their home several times. Just last Sunday they took me for a ride into the Rockies.

"The thing that I appreciate most is that going out to their place is just like going home. I'm not the type of fellow who is able to put my appreciation into words, so I thought the least I could do was to write to you, Sarge, and try to get you to print this letter."

You bet I'm printing it! And I hope it sets an example for certain people.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I am engaged to a boy who was nineteen last April and who will be inducted soon. Is it necessary for him to have his parents' consent to marry, or is he subject only to his commanding officer in this particular matter?

L. M. O., Oak Park, Ill.

Soldiers serving within the United States do not need Army consent to marry, but those serving abroad do need the consent of their commanding officer. In England, advance notice of ninety days must be given in seeking the C. O.'s consent. As to state laws, if you want to marry in Illinois, the boy will have to get parental consent. The fact that he's a soldier does not exempt him from obeying the law. The marriage law in Illinois requires it for a boy under twenty-one and a girl under eighteen.

* * *

I am writing to ask permission to publish in the Fort Clark News, the official publication at Fort Clark, Texas, part of your department in the June 26 issue of Liberty.

The item to which I refer pertained to government insurance. It has been recommended by the War Bond and Insurance Officer here at Fort Clark that, if at all possible, we reproduce this item in full for the benefit of the men stationed here.

Pfc. James R. Moore,
Editor, Fort Clark News.

Permission granted—with pleasure! And that goes for any other Army paper that would like to reprint the item.

I have a son somewhere in the South Pacific who is in the G-4 section. Will you please tell me what that means?

A Mother, Raymondville, Tex.

There are four "Gs" in the Army. Here they are:

G-1—Personnel
G-2—Intelligence
G-3—Plans and Training
G-4—Supply

* * *

Can you state the requirements for service in the Paratroops?

Sgt. J. J. C., Camp Cooke, Calif.

In a nutshell: Age—18 to 32 inclusive. Maximum height—72 inches (six feet). Maximum weight—185 pounds. Distant vision, uncorrected, of 20/40 each eye, or better. Average athletic ability. Arches, knees, and ankles in good shape, plus generally satisfactory medical history.

* * *

I have the greatest admiration for submarine crews, but why is it they

Those whiskers

are allowed to grow long shaggy beards while everybody else in the armed forces has to be clean-shaven or at least have his mustache and beard "properly cut and trimmed at all times"? Is that fair, Sarge?

"Gripe Expert,"
Camp Blanding, Fla.

You may be a griper, but you're no expert. That gripe doesn't hold a bit of water, even if it is about submarines! True, submarine crews are permitted to let those whiskers grow while they are at sea. They don't have to shave until they come in to port.

But—it takes water, lots of water, to shave. Water supplies on submarines are limited. If everybody shaved every day, they might use up water supplies that would mean life or death in an emergency. Ever stop to think of that?

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

THEY LET GEORGE DO IT

Continued from Page 13

there will probably be a sales tax—conceived by him. Never before in our history has the Senate Finance Committee been so important, nor has Walter Franklin George.

Senator George has been all things to all men. To Georgia's three million citizens, most of whom are connected in one way or another with cotton, corn, or peach growing, he is that knight in a business suit who stands between them and all things evil. To them he's been dependable and trustworthy for a fifth of a century (first elected in 1922), and if he lives so long, they'll probably send him back for another fifth. He's guarded their state's rights, conceived no "foolish" notions anent the abolishment of the poll tax, and taken care of Georgia's business. Moreover, he hobnobs with the people when he goes back home.

To his colleagues he's an indisputable authority on that mystery known as the national economy, and such a genius at getting compromise bills passed in the turbulent chamber that one would think "Let George do it" had originated in the United States Senate.

To liberals he's a reactionary, unfortunately placed exactly where he can do them the most harm. To Franklin Roosevelt he's that man who's had a bow and arrow pointed at almost every domestic policy the New Deal has dreamed up.

But to taxpaying business men, who believe that only heaven will relieve them of their particular tax burden once the war is over, Senator George is the answer to a worried prayer. Long an advocate of the free-enterprise system, he has no plan to abandon it in the future, and if his political influence continues he will have a direct say as to whether free enterprise lives or dies after peace comes.

So the history of that influence, and of Senator George himself, is worth looking into.

WALTER GEORGE is a big gray, careful man. Caution high-lights his every move. He wears gray suits, a gray expression, has gray hair under which there is a superabundancy of "gray matter." No one has ever seen him make an undignified move, or seen him show up at the office later than 8 A. M. For he's the original of the type Capitol workers set their watches by, and has a passionate devotion to work.

Even his wife calls him "Mr. George." He's a man who moves only when he has something definite in mind. Common complaint among Capitol reporters is that when George doesn't want to answer a question, he explains carefully in forty different ways just why he's not qualified to answer, at the end of which explaining the reporter is so muddled as to have forgotten what he asked him in the first place.

Probably the busiest senator in Washington, he has no hobbies and would have little time to pursue any. Last June he was considerably amazed to find himself free at three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. "What'll I do now?" somebody heard him ask Christy Kennedy, his faithful secretary. Mrs. George was in Georgia, so Miss Kennedy, resourceful as ever, said, "Come on, senator. I can get us a couple of passes to the movies." That was his outing for June.

Long ago his staff discovered he secretly liked to read his own mail, and began to suspect that this was the reason for his early-morning beat to his office. He usually gets between two and three hundred letters a day. His correspondence is from everybody under the sun, though most of it is from the good citizens of Georgia, who ask everything of him from obtaining fertilizer for their crops to sending the F. B. I. to rid them of a possible spy in their midst.

Not many requests come in from Georgia farmers that do not command special attention from the senator, for he was once a farmer himself, and his father before him was a farmer. He knows as much about what Georgia red clay will produce as any local farm agent; further, he can tell you at just what point in the state the soil stops being clay and starts being a sandy loam. He worked

THIS IS KNOWN BY

Medical Authorities about PHILIP MORRIS

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION* OF NOSE OR THROAT – DUE TO SMOKING – EITHER *CLEARED UP COMPLETELY*, OR *DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . *Proving this finer cigarette is less irritant!*

on a farm to pay his way through Houston Institute and Mercer University at Macon, and now he owns 132 acres himself at Vienna, Georgia, to which he'll retire, he says, one of these days.

He practiced law in Vienna back in 1901. Six years later, at the age of twenty-nine, he entered public life as solicitor general for the Cordele, Georgia, Judicial Circuit. In 1912 he was elected Superior Court judge of the same circuit, and after that judge of the Georgia Court of Appeals. During World War I he was Associate Justice of the Georgia Supreme Court.

In January the senator was sixty-five. Recently, when possible Vice-Presidential candidates were being speculated on, in the more than possible event of President Roosevelt's running for a fourth term, George's name was conspicuous by its absence. For though many thought that if the President ran again he would pick a Southern running mate for political reasons, all knew that Walter George and the President get on together like a couple of wary wrestlers on the mat.

The feud started before the last Presidential election, when George, conservative and chary, failed to see eye to eye with New Dealers. On the packing-of-the-Supreme-Court issue he spoke so vehemently against the President that Roosevelt toured Georgia, hoping to see to it that George didn't win in the forthcoming senatorial election. But the tour was a mistake, for Georgia, resentful of such an invasion of its state's rights, piled up an overwhelming vote for George and sent him back to the Senate.

BY then he was second on the seniority list of two important committees: Foreign Relations and Finance. Shortly after the Roosevelt purge, the chairman of Foreign Relations (Key Pittman) died, leaving George his post at a time when America's dealings with other countries had become vitally important to all the world. Like most leaders from the fighting South, George was no isolationist, and for the first time in a long while he found himself in accord with an administration policy. He led the fight for the revoking of the neutrality legislation, which was necessary to clear the way for Lend-Lease.

A few months later Senator Pat Harrison died, leaving his Finance Committee chairmanship to George. Since no senator is allowed to head two committees at the same time, Senator George had to choose one or the other. Still at odds with the administration on domestic issues, he chose to head the Finance Committee where he could swat at some of the New Deal "fly-by-night" theories. Currently on his swat list is the Treasury Department, where, to him, New Dealer Secretary Morgenthau's name is just another way of spelling Franklin Roosevelt.

He has fought for a few "dreams," but only a few. Notable among his departures from the strict business attitude was his sanction of the TVA, but here again he was undoubtedly more concerned that Georgians would have cheaper power rates than convinced that the Tennessee Valley Authority was a great sociological experiment.

He is in favor of Social Security as it now stands. When Sir William Beveridge came to America, George entertained him at lunch. Later, asked if Beveridge's all-inclusive social security scheme for Britain would, to his mind, be adaptable to the United States, he said he felt it necessary to provide such legislation for only a part of the American people, and that such a broad-scale plan was "too ambitious" for America.

Senator George has been for the Wagner Labor bill, the SEC, the AAA. He voted against the Wage-Hour bill, the Utility Holding Company bill, the Guffey Coal Act. Most liberal of his recent endeavors was his fight for the renewal of the reciprocal trade agreements, which came before the Senate last May. Long a friend of internationalist Cordell Hull, he maintained stoutly and successfully on the Senate floor that reciprocal trade was simply an

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A conservative is a man who believes nothing should ever be done for the first time.

—Albert E. Wiggam.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"intelligent effort toward regulation and adjustment of tariffs on a scientific basis."

He has also interested himself in vocational education during the last few years and has been the author of three bills authorizing money to support vocational courses in U. S. high schools. However, since he is fearful of too much government supervision in education, as he is of too much government in anything, the courses as outlined were confined to such subjects as agricultural and industrial arts.

Senator George's idea of postwar America would turn a radical's dreams into sheer nightmare. To such groups of U. S. citizens as have distrusted private enterprise since 1929, the end of the war will undoubtedly be the signal for a killing blow at what they consider a worn-out system. No one is more aware than Senator George of the controversy now arising as to whether privately run industry can possibly assume the responsibility of putting 10,000,000 soldiers and 20,000,000 war workers back into peacetime occupations. Senator George says it can and must, that we may remain "politically free" from government supervision, and no other person in government is so strategically situated as he is for making sure that private enterprise is given another chance. He knows industry could well be caught between the "jaws of a vise"—expensive conversion and enormous taxes; and if he is drafting our tax laws when the war ends as he is now, the postwar taxation of industry will be greatly reduced. Industry may then convert to whatever normality it can muster up, and private enterprise will be with us yet.

Liberals complained that George started this loosening-up process at the time of the last tax law, the now famous "compromise" pay-as-you-go, which Congress finally passed. Resentment sprang up over the fact that "all taxpayers were to be treated alike" and that the "ability-to-pay" theory was ignored. However, though liberals squawked, they could do little more, for it was nip and tuck to get any kind of bill passed which would be acceptable to all factions.

Recently the Senate set up a subcommittee on postwar planning, and Senator George was chosen chairman. It is considered a study group as yet, but it will be interesting to watch its development and to follow its findings and recommendations. It is now composed of four Republicans and six Democrats. Among its members are Senators Pepper, Barkley, McNary, Taft, and Vandenberg.

ONE topic sure to figure in its ponderings is America's postwar interest in aviation. Senator George, like everybody else, expects to see the aircraft industry boom after this war just as the automobile did after World War I, but he holds it should be privately developed. His subtle attack on the Civil Aeronautics Board began in March. At that time he asked that the Board "report to the Senate at the earliest possible date what, if any, steps it had taken since 1938 to see that a great many more transport aircraft were built and in service." He went on to say in a resolution submitted to the Senate: "There are now only some 350 aircraft in service on the domestic air lines, a number which appears totally inadequate in light of the demands for air transportation and for transport aircraft." Much embarrassed, the Civil Aeronautics Board came back with a voluminous report, calculated to save their aeronautical necks. This incident may well mark the beginning of one of our tremendous postwar fights, and Senator George isn't likely to start anything he won't finish.

He says "America is finding her soul again" in the war that is not yet won, and that "more and more of our people will shake themselves free of the seductive voices, speaking in terms of Old World theories and concepts falsely advanced as the basis of progress and a final Utopia." Whatever our pattern of thinking may be in postwar America, there is little doubt but that Walter George will assume a great deal of leadership, and no doubt whatsoever as to the direction that leadership will take.

THE END

MY BITTER HALF

Continued from Page 15

Herbert helps me lug the spare tire out of the back of the car. It's as flat as the 28th of the month. That does it. A flat spare and no pump, and the nearest filling station's three miles back.

"What's three miles?" says William. Then he crosses his legs and tells me he'll stay with Herbert and watch the car.

There's nothing to do but hit the highway. First I try rolling the wheel like a hoop, but it keeps wobbling down in the ditch, and I get my shoes and pants muddy chasing after it. Then I try to carry the thing, but it's too heavy, so I have to go back to the rolling routine.

Don't many cars pass, so there's not much chance of bumming a ride. Couple times, though, cars slow down when they get alongside me, and I trot up to them, expecting a lift, but the driver suddenly shoots off like he'd just spotted a swastika on my back. I don't get it. Until a fancy coupé comes crawling along, and there's an old couple in it that look like they're maybe on their way to the opera. When the car drifts past me, I hear the man say, "Maybe he's the one that got our spare." And the old lady says, "Don't stop, Henry. He's probably carrying a gun."

Me, Rocky Ford, whose honest mug is as open as a border town. I'm laughing—at least, I'd be laughing if I didn't keep seeing Kate and her folks parked in the Ford parlor frowning at the clock.

I spot a light down the road, and I perk up. I figure I'll phone the filling station, get them to pick me up, slap some ozone in my spare, then haul me back to the car. I figure I'd also better give Kate a buzz and tell her to start feeding the folks, and I'll ferry Herbert and William home just as soon as I get the tire changed.

THE light turns out to be a little country store. "Genl. Mchdse., Fred Phuffer, Prop.," the sign says. Two rural characters are playing cards in front of a coal-oil stove when I breeze in with the tire.

"Got a phone?" I ask them.

The one I decide must be Fred Phuffer, Prop., puts his cards face down on the table and gives me a suspicious look.

"Air," I says, pointing at the tire. "Want to call a filling station."

They stare me up and down, squinting like the sun's in their eyes. Unfortunately, I couldn't pass for Adolphe Menjou. I've got mud caked on my pants, and axle grease has marred the striped beauty of my shirt, which has also got ripped. I am, in short, a bit rumpled.

"I've got money to pay for it," I says, but when I reach for my leather First National I find I've left it in my coat which William is now sitting on. There's not a cent of change in my pants pockets, due to the round of drinks I shelled out for.

"Money's down the road," I explain.

Fred Phuffer, Prop., gets up and saunters over to the tire. "Nice tire," he says, and I explain about the flat, and how there wasn't any air in the spare.

Fred and the other hayseed go into a huddle, and then Fred tells me, "Oscar's got his car outside. He'll drive you to the gas station and get your tire blowed up, and then he'll take you back to your car."

"That's swell," I tell him, and I figure I'll slip Oscar a couple fish when I get to my coat again.

Oscar, it turns out, isn't by nature a talkative type. In the two miles between the store and the gas station he doesn't say a word, and then on the way back all he says is, "Where's the car?" and I tell him, "By the oil drum."

We get to the cement culvert, which I remember is only a hop and a skip from the car, and then we spot the empty oil drum. I freeze up. Friends, there's not a sign of a car.

Oscar and I hop out, and we stumble around in the darkness hunting for clues. I use up all my matches trying to find a footprint or a tire mark on the macadam. Not a thing. I can't even find the rock

"Be Canny! Cultivate Silence!"—says HI to HATT
You plant some information, an' it grows to beat the band!
That's why all wartime gossip should be rooted out and canned!
HI
HATT
KESSLER'S
Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
ONE PINT
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S
BLENDED WHISKEY

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 55% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

I used to keep the car from slipping when I jacked it up.

"Only way I can dope it out," I says, "is somebody must've come along and helped Herbert and William patch the tire and pump it up. They probably drove on down the road looking for me."

We head back to the store, and when the suspicious Mr. Phuffer sees me rolling that tire in again, an iced-fish look spreads over his peasant puss.

"Car gone, huh?" he says, and I explain Herbert and William must be out looking for me.

Fred gets to sniffing. "Been drinking, ain't you, son?" he says.

"That law," I inform him, "was repealed ten years ago."

Fred stoops over and squints at the serial number of the tire. "You probably got papers to show this tire is yourn?" he says. "Just in case a deputy took a notion to stop you."

"Of course I've got papers."

"But I reckon the papers are down the road, huh?" Fred says.

I'm getting sore. I tell this crossroads Wanamaker just where to head in, and then I grab my tire and start to march out. But Fred cuts me off at the door. Suddenly his attitude changes. He starts to purr.

"No hard feelings," he says, and then he asks me if I still want to phone up somebody.

"Sure," I says, "my wife." I can see Kate in the parlor, crying, and her mother saying, "I warned you not to marry him in the first place," and then Kate starts packing up, and she goes home with her folks. I can even see the note on the dresser.

"Phone's in there," Fred says, pointing to a little room in back of the store.

I LEAN the tire against the candy counter and duck into the back room. I'm just hunting around for the phone when the door slams, and I hear the bolt locking me in.

"Martha," Fred yells, "call the sheriff and tell him to come quick!"

"Land's sake, what's happened?" I hear a woman say.

"Tire thief."

"*Our* tires?"

"No," Fred says, "it ain't ourn, but he'd of got 'em if Oscar and me hadn't caught 'im first."

The transom above my door is open and so I can hear every move Oscar and this hayseed sleuth are making. First thing they do is pile furniture up outside the door so I can't bust loose.

"City cops must of been chasing him," Freddie says. "He was all over mud."

"Hid in the marsh, I reckon," says Oscar.

"You know," says Fred, "I'm gonna call Tuck Jennings to come over. Tuck had four tires stole off'n his car last week."

"Ed Sowers too," says Oscar.

"That's right," says Fred. "Ed lost his spare Wednesday."

I go to light a cigarette. A full pack, no matches. I climb up on a couple pop-bottle crates and ask the jailer for a match. Freddie grins at me, then he turns to Oscar and says, "He figgers he'll burn the place down and git loose."

"O'n'ry face," says Oscar. "Eyes like a crow."

"Look," I says, hollering through the transom, "I got to get word to my wife there's been a slight misunderstanding, and not to worry about me. You boys don't want to break up a happy home."

"Git down off'n there," Freddie barks.

"Olympia 4258, and the name's Ford," I says, hopping down.

I hear the front door open, and then Freddie starts telling how he's got a tire thief locked in his storeroom. I look up at the transom, and there's three faces pressed against the glass—a couple country girls and a boy with big ears. They stare at me like I was a baby giant panda with two heads.

"Ain't he a sight?" one of the girls says, and the other girl gets excited and starts popping her bubble gum.

"Sherman," the girl with the gum says to Big Ears, "wiggle your ears and make 'im laugh."

Sherman grins and makes his ears move like a couple loose shutters in a windstorm. That sets the girls to giggling. I pick up an empty pop bottle and make out I'm going to shag it through the transom. The two barnyard beauties squeal and disappear.

"I ain't scairt of 'im," says Big Ears, and to prove it he pops a handful of dried peas in his mouth and starts shooting them at me.

"Oh, SHER-man," the girls scream, "he'll kill you!"

THE HOME FRONT

"Now I see you in a uniform— No . . . you're out . . . you're in . . . you're out . . ."

Then the front door opens with a bang, and some guy who must be at least a hundred pounds overweight comes stomping in, bellowing, "Where is he?"

"Storeroom," Freddie says.

"He's the guy that got your tires, Tuck," says Oscar. "We caught 'im red-handed."

"Powerful man," Freddie says. "Fit like a tiger."

Suddenly a big dark face is glaring at me through the transom. It is a face like thunder. He calls me a name which under happier circumstances and if he was fifty pounds lighter would make me start slugging.

"We'll learn you a lesson!" Thunder roars, and before I can give Man Mountain a withering blast of the famous Rocky Ford wit, the store door swings open again and a guy they call Ed joins the party.

THUNDER climbs down to jabber with Ed, and pretty soon old Thunder's bellowing, "I don't believe in nobody ever taking the law in their own hands, but a case like this, it's different."

"You're right it is," Ed says.

"A man who steals the tires that carry people to the new gun factory that's helping win this war, he's no ordinary thief," roars old Thunder. "He's a fifth columnist."

"You know," says Freddie, "I thought he talked with a kind of a accent."

"A man like that ain't a man," Thunder bellows; "he's a fiend."

"He was drunk," Freddie says. "Tried to set fire to my store."

"Jail's too good for a Nazi gangster that comes into a peaceful community to steal and set fires," says Thunder.

"Let's get 'im out!" yells Ed, and I hear him and Fred and Thunder start clearing away the debris outside the door.

I check over my storeroom fox hole and quickly get in position to hold off these country commandos. First I make myself a waist-high pillbox out of pop-bottle crates, and then I drag the crates of empty bottles over behind me for hand-grenade use. When old Thunder flings open that door, I've got a pop bottle rared back ready to open fire.

"Drop that bottle!" Thunder roars.

They're crowded together in a flying-wedge formation, and I can see their strategy is to rush me before I get a chance to score. They don't know the Ford cunning.

"Let's try this one for size!" I sing out, and I smash the bottle against the wall, just to make the invasion forces duck. While they're climbing over each other, getting out of my range, I quietly tip over the flour barrel and roll it smack against the enemy spearhead.

I follow up the flour barrel with a bowling-alley technique. Maybe they don't teach this particular form of bombardment at West Point, but if you ever get cornered in the storeroom of a genl. mchdse., try it. I rip open the big cardboard boxes of canned goods, and I roll the cans straight at the advancing shins. The invasion turns into a dancing party.

"Stop 'im! Stop 'im!" Freddie's screaming.

"Freddie," I announce, "this will teach you not to lock up passing strangers."

A siren comes screaming down the road and we hear a car make a sliding stop on the loose gravel outside. The sheriff and a deputy gallop in.

"Where is he?" the sheriff says, and Freddie puts the finger on me.

"I can explain everything," I tell the sheriff. "I came in to use the phone."

"Oh," he says, surveying the calorie debris on the floor, "you came in to use the phone!"

THE scene, I have to admit, calls for some additional explanation. The flour barrel has left a thin layer of white dust on the floor, which is also cluttered with dented canned goods.

"Where's the tire?" the sheriff says, and Freddie rolls it out from behind the candy counter.

The deputy jots down the serial number in a little black book, and I run through my story for the sheriff. I tell him I can prove everything by calling my wife.

"O. K.," says the sheriff, and we all crowd into the narrow hallway.

The gallery is tense when I crank the wall phone and ask central for Olympia 4258. Big Ears and his two back-country Cinderellas are munching jelly beans, and it's so quiet you can hear every crunch. Kate answers. A big moment.

"Kate," I says, "this is Rocky."

A cold silence comes over the wire.

"Through no fault of mine," I says, "I'm in a jam, and you've got to tell somebody who I am. Now don't get excited. I haven't done a thing, only it so happens I've got the sheriff standing here beside me, and he wants you to say I'm me."

"Rocky Ford," says Kate, "there's only one thing I want to know. Have you been drinking?"

"I won't lie to you, Kate. I had one short beer."

"I thought so," she says.

"Darling, I'm the innocent victim of circumstances."

"And after you promised me you'd never set foot in another bar."

"But, Kate, I only went in to get William."

"Did William tie you to the bar and force beer down your throat?"

"One short beer. Enough to fill an eyecup."

I'm wondering if central can feel the chill blowing over the wire from Olympia 4258.

"The dinner was ruined," Kate says. "The maid let everything cook too long and then she broke the gravy boat, and the folks kept feeling sorry for me, like I'd married the town drunkard."

"I can explain everything."

"But it's the *last* time you humiliate me, Rocky Ford, because I'm packing my things."

"Now wait a second, sweetheart. Let me. . . ."

The sheriff takes the phone away and asks Kate, "Was that your husband, Mrs. Ford?" Then he shakes his head and says, "Thank you very much. I'm sorry to have bothered you."

The sheriff gets firm grip on the steel muscles of my left arm.

"What is this?" I ask him. "A gag?"

"Mrs. Ford couldn't identify your voice," he tells me. "She said you sounded like her husband, but she wasn't sure. If her husband doesn't come home tonight, she's going to come out to the courthouse and take a look at you—in the morning."

"She's kidding you," I says. "We've been married ten years."

"Sure," says the sheriff, dragging me toward the door.

"Look," I says. "If I'm not Rocky Ford, who am I? Red Ryder?"

"Maybe," says the deputy, "you're a magnesia victim."

Suddenly I hear a low whine just outside the door, and I brighten up. It's Herbert giving the coyote call of the Dusty Dalton Prairie Patrol, the cry you give when you see a fellow member in distress and you want to let him know you're coming to the rescue.

I give the hyena howl for help.

"He's blowing his top," says the deputy, grabbing hold of my right arm.

"Quick," says the sheriff, clutching the other arm. "Get him in the car and slap on the bracelets."

They hustle me out the front door, and I look around for Herbert. No sign of him. Then all of a sudden there's an explosion out back of the store.

The sheriff and the deputy whip out their revolvers and race around to the scene of the disaster. I head the other way, where I first heard Herbert give the coyote call, and I find the kid hiding in a clump of bushes.

"Rocky," the kid says, "you O. K.?"

I GRAB hold of his arm and strike out through the bushes, heading for open country.

"What'd you do—dynamite the place?" I ask him, when we get a comfortable distance from the Phuffer premises.

"Just a little trick I picked up from Dusty Dalton," the kid says. "They've got a carbide-light plant out back, and if you sprinkle some carbide in an old tomato can and set a match to it, that's what happens."

"Where in the world have you and William been all night?" I ask him.

"A man came along with a set

(*Continued on page 56*)

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(... OF CONFIDENCE)

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Dainty is as dainty does—so to guard *your* daintiness, do this: Sprinkle QUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, on your sanitary pad. QUEST was especially created for this use. An unscented *powder*, it destroys napkin odor quickly, completely—without retarding napkin absorbency.

★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(*Continued from page 54*)

of tire patches and a pump," Herbert says, "so we fixed up the tire, then drove around looking for you, only Cousin William had to stop twice to drink some beer because he got thirsty. Then we spotted the sheriff's car outside the store, and when I saw they'd nabbed you, I told William to wait down the road till I got you sprung."

"Herbert," I says, "we mustn't keep Cousin William waiting for us."

"Just a minute," the kid says. "I've got to show them coppers what happens when they tangle with the Prairie Patrol."

"This is no time for friendly byplay with the authorities," I tell the kid. "We've got to make a quick exit."

"Won't take a second," he says. "I got the layout all set."

AND before I can stop him, he's hustling back to the store with his Scout knife between his teeth, and a shooting iron in either hand. He's got six or eight tomato cans loaded with carbide, and he's also strung some wire around the place, about a foot off the ground, so it'll strike just below the knee.

He lights the carbide, and it goes off one-two-three-four, like machine-gun fire. The sheriff and his posse come roaring out from behind the store.

They sprawl all over half an acre of rocky ground.

I don't linger at the scene of the crime. I hear Herbert worming his way back through the bushes, so I start running. Fast.

Maybe, I figure, Herbert and William could have squared things with Kate—after all, it was my bitter half who crossed me up with the cops, and all for one short beer—and maybe the paper could have fixed things with the county, provided I settled with Fred Phuffer for the damages involved in our little scuffle; but now—well, if I get twenty years, it's a light rap.

"Rocky," says Herbert, strolling along behind me, like he was just ambling down to the corral for a look at the new stock, "what's your hurry?"

"That posse," I tell him, panting. "We got to get over the line."

The kid grins. "That posse ain't going nowhere," he says. "Not for a while anyways. I let all the air out of their tires."

Twenty years—that's optimism. It'll be life.

"And life," I can hear the judge saying, "isn't really long enough."

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

One half of knowing what you want is knowing what you must give up before you get it.

—Sidney Howard.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

ONE HUNDRED JAPS FOR EVERY GUERRILLA

Continued from Page 19

surrender. Recently Oranje, a Dutch periodical published at Melbourne, printed a letter from a Jap commander to Lieutenant Colonel N. L. W. van Straten, former guerrilla leader on the island of Timor, now commanding officer of the N. I. Fighting Forces in Australia:

"Dear Lieutenant Colonel, Captain and Officers," the letter starts in Jap high-school English: "You must be short of food now. You have to sleep in the fields or in the mountains. . . . If you and your men surrender, all can see their families again when the time comes. But, if not, we regret that we must fight and destroy—that is the task of our armies—nothing else. . . ."

BACK in 1940, before the Jap assault on the Indies, there was much talk of "secret airfields" in them. Actually—as a high Dutch staff officer at Bandoeng headquarters told me at that time—the airfields were no secret. "There are over a hundred thousand Japanese spies in the archipelago," he said. "They know the location of every lagoon equipped for seaplane operations, every strip of land hewn out of the jungle. There are real secrets, however, which I hope they don't know."

The "real secrets" were the guerrilla bases, hidden on every island deep in the interior of the jungle, where the High Command stored food supplies, clothing, medicine, guns, ammunition. They were to become strongholds of unending resistance. They became just that.

The jungle that has been so hostile to the Allies elsewhere in the Far East is on our side in the Dutch Indies. It provides ideal conditions for guerrilla warfare. And the High Command's guerrilla bases have fixed fortifications, jungle airfields, barracks, field hospitals.

On the key islands "commando schools" have been set up in the camps, where seasoned jungle fighters teach new volunteers all about bush fighting. "Postgraduate courses" are given in actual battle.

The success of the guerrillas depends on the loyalty of the natives. The liberal, progressive colonial Dutch rule in the Indies is paying rich dividends: 95 out of 100 Indonesians are stanchly pro-Dutch. The Japs have tried hard to win over the natives. They point out that "Malays are better people than white men." They print formerly Dutch papers in Malay, forbid the use of the English and Dutch languages in public, make all white men over seventeen take an oath of allegiance, reward the leaders of the Indonesian nationalist movement with official posts. On February 11, Japan's "Empire Day," they staged parades and mock street battles.

The result has been dismal for them. The Indonesians hate them. Work is slowed down in the tin mines of Bangka and Billiton. Fires break out in Surabaya harbor. Natives have been flogged by the Japs for keeping the picture of the Queen in their huts. Many have been tortured and executed for giving the guerrillas food and information.

Last year, on August 31, on her sixty-second birthday, Queen Wilhelmina received a radio message from "the civil and military populace of the Free Netherlands Indies in Dutch New Guinea" wishing her back in the Free Netherlands on her next birthday. The message was received in Australia; no doubt the Japs on Dutch New Guinea were also listening in. In Tokyo, Kazuo Aoki, Minister of State "for Greater East Asia," declared that Japan "would not rely upon oil production in the Netherlands Indies." What he meant was that because of the guerrillas, Japan *could* not rely on it.

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

Now in the frosty mornings cool
Our little ones return to school—
There to unlearn, throughout the autumn
What we in summertime have taught 'em.

—MARY WARD.

On January 21, 1943, a Tokyo broadcast admitted that on Dutch-Portuguese Timor "safety zones" were established "to protect Portuguese nationals"—meaning, actually, Jap soldiers—against native uprisings. "Those safety zones are useful for clearing out nests of Australian and Dutch fighting groups."

The "Australian and Dutch fighting groups" have been in Timor, 400 miles north of Port Darwin, ever since they were cut off by the Japs in February, 1942. In the harbor of Kupang for six hours a band of twenty-five Australian and Dutch daredevils held off 500 Japs while another group blew up runways and oil reserves. Then the Allied guerrillas retired to their mountain hideouts. The world thought they were lost. They lived in the open, fighting against fleas, lice, malaria, tropical heat, and Jap bullets. Once they heard a rumor that the Japs had conquered Australia, were about to land in California. Yet they kept on fighting, and they are still fighting.

"Our greatest moment came last February," a Dutchman said. "We heard a roaring in the sky and saw a formation of Mitchell bombers with the red-white-blue horizontal stripes of the Netherlands flag on their wings. They were only fifty feet above the treetops, and we cheered like mad. And right then we knew

that the turning point was reached."

The combat pilots of the First Dutch Air Squadron, equipped with North American B-25 medium bombers, are now fighting under General MacArthur. Many of them are graduates of the Royal Netherlands Flying School at Jackson, Mississippi. Others have been trained in Southwestern flying centers. They count only their flying hours over Jap-occupied Dutch territory. Some of them, like Captain R. E. Jesserum, who won the Bronze Cross for his work over Malaya, Java, Macassar Straits, have 200 such flying hours. They keep in touch with the Allied guerrillas on the islands. And so do the Netherlands Navy and the Dutch Merchant Marine in Australia, back in action as part of the United Nations forces in the southwest Pacific.

THE full story of the Dutch Indies guerrillas can be told only after the war. But their achievements have already become legendary in Australian Army camps. Many of them have been decorated by Queen Wilhelmina. There is the Dutch sergeant standing on top of a sand barricade repairing a gun while mortar shells burst all around him; the Indonesian corporal who walked right into a Jap camp and blew up the Jap commander and his staff; Sergeant Julius Tayha, a native of Amboina, and his thirteen Indonesian soldiers, who killed 250 Japs on the strategically important island of Tanimbar. They routed a Jap landing force. When the Jap warships shelled them, they withdrew—and the following night they prevented another landing. They reached Australia, where Sergeant Tayha was awarded the Order of Willem.

There is no mercy in guerrilla warfare. The casualty figures of N. I. E. Army communiqués always speak of soldiers lost in action, hardly ever mention any wounded men. The Indies guerrillas have killed Japs, and are killing them, at the rate of more than 100 for every Allied man lost in action—and that against odds of 100 to 1. Order No. 1 still stands. It was given by the "indomitable Dutch" when the Allies were facing their darkest hours. Every guerrilla in the Dutch Indies knows it by heart:

"You are to hold advanced posts in Japanese-occupied territory, in preparation for the day when General MacArthur's forces launch their offensive to liberate the territory."

THE END

SEMPER INFIDELIS

Credit me not with constancy,
My heart yet strays—
But alternates are few and hard
To find these days!

—KATHERINE KELLY WOODLEY.

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

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POLIDENT *The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges*

HOME BOY

Continued from Page 30

"Suppose they come after us while we're waiting?"

"That," said the sergeant, rubbing the muzzle of his tommy gun, "is a horse of another color."

"You haven't any deep-rooted objections to my dividing a few grenades among those gophers up there, have you?"

The sergeant scowled. "Don't get funny with me."

"O. K.," Tommy said cheerfully. "Give me your legging laces." He curled up and began to unlace his own.

"What's the idea?"

Tommy was fumbling in his grenade pouch. "I can sling 'em in," he said briefly. "Come on, give me the laces."

Dubiously the sergeant passed over his laces. "I'll believe it when I see it."

Tommy made the laces fast around the necks of four grenades, under the levers, and then tied loops in the free ends of the laces. He hefted them thoughtfully and looked around. A pair of palms had crashed to the earth a dozen yards away, their overturned boles forming a waist-high barricade. There seemed to be enough room behind them to make a full swing—although the flying grenades would have to shoot through a six-foot slot among the other trees to get clear. He jerked his head toward the spot.

"I'm going over there, sarge. When I give you the word, spray that hill with your tommy gun."

The sergeant looked at the dangling grenades, the narrow opening in the trees, and the distant hilltop. "Look," he said. "You got any idea what you're doing?"

Tommy grinned. "I spent four years practicing for this," he said. "What do you think modern education is for?"

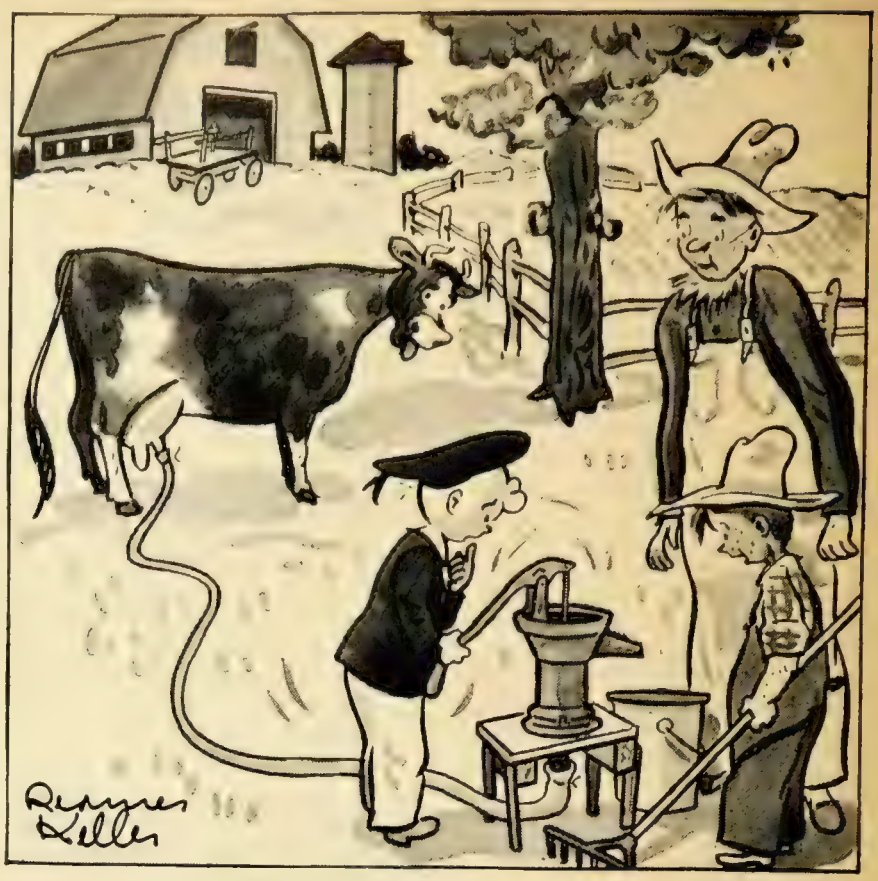
He slid across to the overturned trees. The machine guns stuttered alternately—just enough to keep the men on the beach behind the rock. One of the guns swung and swept the palms at the foot of the hill with a short burst—just for luck. As he hugged the trees, Tommy saw the grass at the top of the hill, to the right, bend with the gun's muzzle blast.

"YOU ready?" he asked.

The sergeant nodded. He raised his tommy gun, shoved it through the brush, and waited. Tommy studied the hilltop. It was a long throw and the grenades were light compared to the hammers he had used in school. But it was possible. He jerked a grenade several times, hard. The lace held. He gripped the loop in his right hand, held the grenade in his left close to his mouth, and crouched. One of the machine guns began firing again—toward the beach.

"Now!" Tommy yelled.

HARDTACK



"Well, it seemed like a good idea!"

As the sergeant's gun hammered, Tommy pulled the pin from the grenade with his teeth, dropped it, stood up, and in one smooth flowing motion whirled gracefully, let the lace go, and dropped down behind the boles. The grenade shot through the opening in the trees, arched up, up, and began to curl down directly over the hill. There was a sharp, stunning crack as it exploded in the air just off the ground. The machine gun stopped.

Tommy was on his feet instantly, whirling, letting fly, dropping again. This grenade flicked out, not quite so high, and hit the top of the hill. It bounced once, then dropped from sight. There was a muffled crack, and before its echo had died another grenade was off. It, too, exploded beyond the hilltop, and the fourth went higher and exploded as the first —in the air.

"I'll be a dirty name!" yelled the sergeant. "Kid—you're terrific!"

There was a burst of cheering from the beach and the sergeant scrambled to his feet.

"They're coming across," he snapped. "Let's go, kid."

He plunged out into the open, tommy gun in his left hand, a grenade in his right. There was only silence from the hilltop. At the foot of the rise the sergeant jerked the pin and tossed, then hit the earth. Tommy dropped beside him as the grenade went off. Then they both charged up the hill.

What had been an excellently placed nest of two light machine guns was now a shambles. Both guns were overturned and nine very dead Japs lay sprawled where the blasts had tossed them. The rest of the bargeload of men charged out of the woods and boiled over the hilltop, bayonets gleaming, snarling their fury. The sergeant waved them on.

"Scatter to the left!" he yelled. "Push on through to contact the guys coming in from the point."

The men flowed on, firing at trees, ducking, dropping, lunging, yelling —exterminating. The sergeant turned to Tommy, who was trying to catch his breath.

"Great sight, eh?" asked the sergeant.

Tommy looked up. "What?"

"All them leggings," the sergeant said. "All them beautiful long laces—" He clenched his dirty fist and tapped Tommy affectionately on the chin. "Kid, if I'd 'a' had your education when I first joined up, I'd be a general now."

MR. PERRY turned out the last light and he and his wife stood looking at the flickering flames in the fireplace. He dropped his arm around her shoulders and patted them encouragingly.

"He'll be all right, mother. Don't worry."

She bit her lip. "I—I just wish he'd had more training, Will. I—I just wish we could have seen this coming and prepared him better for it, that's all."

He patted her shoulder again. "Well, we did the best we could. I kind of think it'll be enough."

THE END

Continued from Page 27

where on the horizon. The air was bumpy because whenever we passed over a wooded patch or a lake the cool air was coming down in just as big a hurry as the hot was going up over the hot spots. So into this cumulonimbus we sailed.

And it grabbed us. It was sort of like you'd been seized by cramps and were hurrying to the doctor, only to find you'd wandered down the scrimmage line in a football game just as the ball was snapped. How my wings held on I'll never know. If I'd slip to the edge of that cyclonic updraft, the relatively stationary air outside it would drag down violently on one wing at the same time the updraft snatched the other wing in the opposite direction. Twice I got in such a position that I thought my fuselage was going to snap in two.

As for the cadet, things were happening too fast. We were shooting upward at the rate of 10,000 feet a minute. Then we blew out of the top at 14,000, with the cadet just about blacked out for lack of oxygen.

After that, cumulonimbus has always meant no no to me.

Oh, Pioneers!

I AM not one of those that think, just because something is new, that it is any better than or, necessarily, even as good as something old.

And I just wish you could see the new basic training planes that we are getting these days.

I thought the BT-14s, which they first began to get after the factory discontinued us 9s, were scandalous enough. Instead of having round wing tips like me, they had little chopped-off things. It was the same with their tails. No fine, gracefully curved silhouette like my tail's got, but a chopped-off bobtail. Worst of all, they were too easy to fly.

When a fellow's in training for a prizefight, I like to see him have a set of sparring partners that will really lace into him. Having accommodating and considerate sparring partners goeth before a fall.

And yet, compared to these latest model ships we've got, those 14s are practically unflyable.

The ones we are getting now you can just blow your breath on and they will fly away as pretty as you please. Yet ask any mechanic if they can take it like I took it.

But what lays me out is that they've got treads on their tires. Treads, mind you, like a bicycle tire or a Model-T Ford!

If somebody wants to do something that makes a little sense, O. K. For instance, take planes with retractable landing gear. What those airplanes need are little wind catchers on the side of the wheels, so that when you let them down as you are about to land, the wind will start spinning them. As they are now, when their wheels touch the ground they are perfectly still, and have got to start turning and catch up with the landing speed immediately, which means a lot of skidding and abrupt pull until they catch up. A lot of aerodynamic maniacs will probably say nuts to this. But anybody can stand in the way of progress. What I started out to say is that these new training planes are sissies. I've said it, so that's all for this chapter.

I refuse to discuss it any further.

There've Been Some Changes Made

IN the old days more convertible cars were sold in San Antonio than almost anywhere else on earth. The cadets, who had plenty of time for courting, bought them. But now the convertibles, those jaunty vehicles in which so many young cadets learned, coeducationally, about life, are gone.

Much of the exclusiveness of being an Air Forces cadet is also gone. Now it is democratic.

The old Randolph Blues are gone—the slate-blue britches and slate-blue caps, the slate-blue shirts and the long blue overcoats that were exclusively Randolph's, the uniforms that in their time have held at least as much of pride as any uniform ever worn by the Grenadier Guards or the cadets of Heidelberg or St. Cyr or the Alcazar.

The old blue shirts had a kind of magnetism located just above the left pocket that would almost draw a pair of silver wings through the plate glass of a San Antonio jeweler's window.

Gone, too, are the flyer's flyers—the stylists, the purists, the fellows to every one of whom an airplane's wings grew and became a part of him. Today's cadets are fighters. To them an airplane is a weapon. To that old gang, it was a song—loud and roaring, dangerous, beautiful, exciting, fine.

They're out at the front now, mixing it with the Japs and the Nazis.

They weren't any better than the cadets we've got now. I've just known them longer.

Besides, flight training in the old days was leisurely and extremely thorough. We were like the gods then. We ground 'em slow, but, boy, we ground 'em fine.

And that slow grinding is what's gone. It had to go, or we could never have caught up in time. But just the slowness is gone, not the grind.

It's hard and unrelenting. The killing-time has come.

The physical face of Randolph too has changed. Everywhere wooden buildings go up overnight, and when that's not fast enough, brown tents by the hundreds spring into being. Tents for mechanics. Tents for glider pilots waiting to go off to their schools. Tents for Negro transport companies.

Which . . .

DO YOU CHOOSE?

LOVELY GLAMOR-GOWNS

or

DRESSES TO CONCEAL—

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And almost every old friend (they hated me. I hated them. But still, somehow . . . well . . . time and propinquity are tricky things) has gone to the front.

Some are wearing D. S. C.s. Others no longer have anything to wear a medal on.

Some of them, as I knew they would, have done the damnedest things.

One sergeant that used to grease around on me and never had a flying lesson in his life, except to watch somebody else fly, was in Java messing around a Flying Fortress when the Japs moved in. No American pilot was anywhere around, so what did this sergeant do? He just cranked up those four big motors and poured the coal to 'em and tootled back to Australia, where he set her down smooth as silk. Sergeant by the name of Hays.

Too, there was a cadet named Wheless. The way you probably heard of him was when he fought off a whole covey of Zeros over the Pacific and brought his Flying Fortress home full of bullet holes and dead and wounded men. President Roosevelt made a speech about him and gave him a D. S. C. Well, I knew Wheless when he was here in '38, fresh off a Texas ranch, and when he sometimes seemed to think he was still driving a buckboard instead of an airplane. He was a good-natured, friendly cadet with a bushy head of hair and a widow's peak. Since he was sort of pint-sized, the other fellows called him Pee-Wee.

His instructor was a tough, leathery-faced little guy named Van Auken, who is now a colonel, and the grade slips Van Auken sometimes wrote out for Wheless, using one of my wings as a writing table, were sometimes a good deal less than worshipful.

FOR that matter, Colin Kelly was no seven-day wonder. He had already graduated from the Point when he came to Randolph, was married, and a second looie. He was a good-looking kid, with fine clear eyes and a square jaw, and the sort of stuff his instructor wrote on his grade slips was things like: "Coordination rough but positive"; or "Inclined to do everything too fast. But eager, not cocky."

Well, it's kind of hard to figure out how the Luftwaffe can have any better boys than these.

But before getting off the subject of these boys I will just sort of hint at some interesting occurrences that might have happened (I'm not saying they did or didn't) about the time General Chennault's boys were getting ready to pull out for China. That was back when we were still placating the Japs but had got about enough of them bombing those poor Chinamen unopposed. So, as you remember, some volunteers were going over there most unofficially to do something about it. And all of those volunteers were, as you also recall, total strangers to the American armed forces, and to the government, and all that fiddle-faddle.

Nevertheless, since General Chennault hated a bad pilot almost worse than he did the Japs, the pilots that he accepted had to be check-ridden by one of Chennault's officers.

But how was that to be done, when poor Chennault hadn't any planes laying around loose in America, and certainly no airdromes? And he could not dare use Army facilities, because the Army knew him not. He was a retired officer and adventurer going off without one single solitary "Give 'em hell, Claire" being whooped out loud by any American official, either military or civilian.

Well, now, what would you think if I told you I had sort of eased off in the night now and then on private business, flown by nonmilitary personnel? Suppose I said we climbed 'way up in the stars and did everything a fighting plane can do besides, of course, shooting up this whole part of Texas. Suppose I said I knew then that the pilot was headed for death or glory.

Maybe I better quit this hinting, though. I might spill a diplomatic secret which, if circulated, might reach the Japanese and make them mad at us.

I will say, though, that there'll be some of the ex-Flying Tigers who, when they see this is the story of Old 400, will first cuss and then grin, and will feel like they had got a letter from home.

(Private note to you Tiger boys: You did good. We, back at Randolph, thought you did all right. Even the Navy boys that went through Pensacola. I never said anything good about the Navy before, and I assure you it will not get to be a habit.)

But to get back to the changes at Randolph: There is one thing that hasn't changed much, one old acquaintance that's still there.

As this is written, the commandant of cadets at Randolph is a salty young bucko named Griffith whom (this for the benefit of the cadets whom he disciplines and probably terrifies) I have twice scared the pants off—once in a ground loop, once in a fine tight spin. Both times he thought the jig was up. To this day you can hear him roar and call me a death trap and tell of my "vicious characteristics." Even when he was an instructor, he avoided me like the plague. Now he says, "Of course it wouldn't bother me any more." But I haven't noticed him pleading with any dispatchers to go out of their way to let him get off his flying time in the "death trap."

I blew into Randolph about the same time as a class of three hundred new mechanics who were fresh from school. I knew them all, tormented them all, and now they've gone, been swallowed into the insatiable maw of an ever-growing Air Force. All are gone but one. This is a big old double-jointed mechanic named John Hueners. He has known me, worked on me, and cussed me from that day to this. In the meanwhile he has come out of his coveralls and dolled himself up in an officer's uniform with a silver bar on each shoulder. He is the engineering officer for "I" Squadron, so he still has the job of seeing that I keep flying and do not spend too much time gold-bricking in the repair hangars.

JOHN hates my gas lines, but he has never given up trying to make a useful plane out of me. Too, though he wouldn't admit it, I think he looks on me as his prodigal, and does his best to hide the fact that he thinks all this damn meanness of mine is sort of cunning. He has got about seven or eight hundred gray hairs on each temple now, and, dear reader, with the exception of three or four, I put 'em there, and if he stays with me I'll have his head looking like a Shasta daisy in a year or two.

Which, tough as it is for a working girl who has fun in her job, is my maximum service expectancy.

Metal gets tired. And when it does, it crystallizes, gets brittle like an old boxer's legs. Every time I go up, every part of me is flexed and strained thousands of times. The same strains have been thrown on me in the same way many millions of times before.

Eventually they'll take me out of service and smash me into junk. And I've got to take it. I can't hang on until I break up, flying. That would probably kill a kid. And I ain't worth it. I never killed any of our boys and I don't ever want to. I have had fun scaring 'em, and other fun torturing mechanics. So I guess I might as well keep my cowl up and take it.

I don't want to be forgotten. That's one reason why I'm writing this, my story. But mostly I'm writing it because I do not want to let the Army get away with anything and have a bunch of deluded idiots flying me around and thinking just because my name has been changed that I am a cinch, and all a pilot has got to do is relax and enjoy himself. What I am getting at is: he better not.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A Negro minister was visiting on the farm of one of his church members. The land was in excellent condition and prospects were bright for a good harvest. Upon numerous occasions the pastor would compliment his charge, saying, "You and the Lord have certainly done a fine job out here." As the pastor was leaving, he remarked once again upon the success "you and the Lord" are having.

The Negro farmer, somewhat amused, could not help remarking, "Yassuh, parson. What you say is true. But Ah jes wish you cud have seen dis heah fahm 'bout five years ago, when de Lawd had it all by Hisself!"

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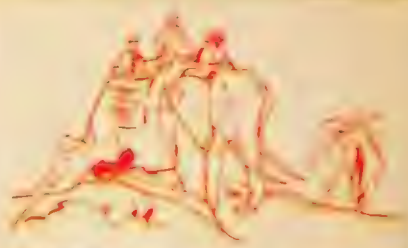
Through 85 Years of
Smashing Travel Records

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME



1872 **Jules Verne** won thousands of readers with a fictional account of Phineas Fogg's trip around the world in 80 days. By then, Corby's had been winning discriminating friends for 14 years.

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Continued from Page 25

"He could get a job in a steam-heated garage in town. Now, today. Look at him. He doesn't belong in the woods. Doesn't like it here."

"You're hunting trouble," Rack said. "There isn't any."

"When you're this stubborn, there must be."

"I tell you it's nothing."

"Gale says it's big."

"How big?"

"About the size of murder."

Rack's smile was thin. "Now you're being funny."

"No, Rack. I mean it."

"Mr. Lawyer," Rack said, "some day you're going to bust your nose on the back of an ambulance."

Clyde Prio shrugged. "I hope you're not in it."

He jumped off the cat and went a few steps, then turned. "Tell me a time when Gale was wrong."

"This time," Rack said.

Clyde crossed the muddy stretch to reach the railroad track. Rack watched him go out of sight. Then, sober-faced, he spun the cat on one tread and sent it back up the hill.

His hands were white-knuckled on the controls. He knew if he lifted one hand free it would tremble now. And well it should. The end was in sight. Clyde and Gale knew the size and the shape of the trouble. And Sam Horton knew. Things would move swiftly now.

For a moment Rack felt resentment, but only for a moment. Clyde knew Rack was in some kind of jam. Rack was the mainspring of the spruce contract. Let something happen to Rack and the whole show would go to pot—and Clyde to bankruptcy.

Which meant Clyde was Rack's responsibility. The thing had to work both ways. A fine job Rack had done! If he could have said in the beginning, "No, mister, I've got too much trouble to log that spruce," none of this would have happened. But he'd had no chance. Clyde had signed the contract, put the mohey down, and talked to Rack afterward.

So there you had it. Clyde and Gale would keep trying to help, trying to uncover the facts. And they would, being the kind they were. And when they did, they'd find they'd cut their own throats very neatly from ear to ear.

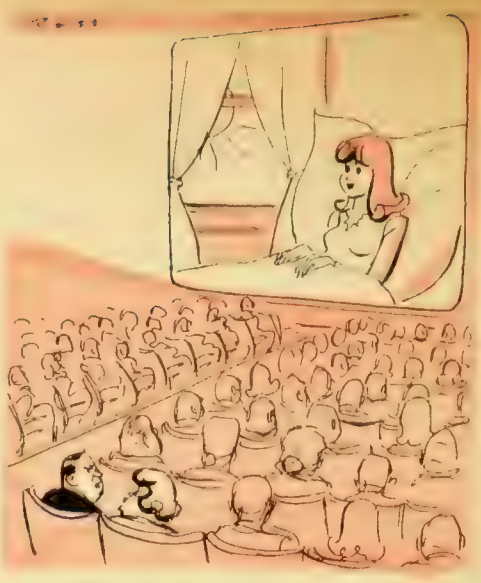
SARA BISHOP came the next day. Rack was in the supply shed, sorting through a bin of old fittings, when she appeared in the doorway. He said, "Hello, there," and went on with his work.

"My," she said, "is your face red."

"Maybe I'm remembering," Rack said quietly.

"Remember—" She wet her lips. "Oh!"

"You were at the mill the last time I saw you." Rack weighed a shackle in his hand. "Horton caught us with our pockets full of his gear."



"Why can't you look like that in the morning?"

"But not you! Stump and White Hope—"

"They're my men. It's the same thing."

And for a moment she was silent, considering that. At last, soberly, she said, "You've a funny hands-off sort of pride. You act as if Broken River and everybody in it were your special property. You will fight any one who takes a crack at them."

"Will I?" he said.

Sara Bishop said, "You do."

Gravely he said, "You're a problem too. You're no bigger than a field mouse, and twice as cute. But when you pat a man on the back you leave a knife sticking between his shoulder blades."

"I do not!" Sara said hotly.

He put the shackles he'd selected in the back of his stag coat. "I have to go up the line. Do you want to come along?"

Sara Bishop said, "I'd like to."

They left the supply shed.

Sara Bishop said, "Your camp's growing."

Rack pointed to a new building where carpenters worked. "That's the cookhouse. Addie will run it. There'll be two bunkhouses below. The cabins are for married couples."

"What about a school?"

"That too . . . but later." He rubbed the rust from his hands on his trousers. "You see, there'll be a town here in a month. Once this district is on a perpetual-yield basis, the town will spread and grow. A dam on Broken River will make a pond for a mill. The mill will come. With the mill, permanency." He looked at her. "Does that sound far-fetched?"

"It's a dream," she said.

"Don't most things start from a dream?" he asked, gesturing slowly. "Horton has nothing but the itch for money. He'd log your spruce and go."

"Now I get it," she said, and laughed. "This is Rack Tinker, the salesman, speaking."

"We'll skip that," Rack said. He helped her on the speeder and started the engine. "We've got fallers working in your spruce today. Stump and White Hope are getting ready to rig the spar tree on this side of the canyon."

He hurried the speeder along the rough track and braked it to a stop on the crest of a low hill.

"There's the yarder," he said.

"But that's a donkey engine."

"Lady," he said, "we're both right. Back in Paul Bunyan's time they used bulls—ox teams—to move their logs. Steam donkey engines chased the bulls out of the woods. The first donkeys were about as big as a dollar watch and they could pull the hat off your head, if you didn't put up a fight. The modern yarder is the outgrowth of those first steam donkeys."

The big machine was no more than a hundred feet away, at the foot of a little draw. Like all the Broken River equipment, it was old and hard-used, and it had, Sara thought, a homemade look about it. The boiler was mounted on a platform slung between sled runners made of huge logs. The cable drums and the controls were forward of the boiler. Swede Berg was busy there.

"HOW do they move it?" Sara asked.

Rack said, "Ever watch a spider?"

Puzzled, Sara said, "Of course. But—"

"A spider and a yarder have a lot in common," Rack said. "A spider carries a reel of cable in his midriff; so does a yarder. Angel and Roughhouse pull the line out with a cat. They anchor it to a stump two or three hundred feet ahead of the rig. Then they give Swede the high-ball—"

"And the yarder winds it up!" Sara said.

"Check." Rack grinned.

He started the speeder again. They went on for perhaps a mile. They rounded a long curve and found the bulldozer working below the track.

"Back in a minute," Rack said.

He climbed the bank and was gone on some business of his own. Sara Bishop had time to look around, time to wonder just how the logging would be done. This was the high side of the canyon. From the track the land fell steeply to the edge of the canyon proper and then dropped straight to the river. On the far side the canyon wall was a sheer cliff. God's Pocket was above and beyond this, hundreds and hundreds of acres of magnificent spruce climbing away from the canyon's edge.

"Lady," a voice said, "where'd Rack get to?"

Sara Bishop turned to find Stump at her side. He cocked a belligerent eye at her.

"He was here just a minute ago."

Disgustedly Stump said, "A man'd think we was playin' games around here. Rack's harder to find than a dollar bill in my Sunday pants. Big Red gets mad an' shoves off for town. An' now that fool Indian's

workin' up to get himself a bust in the teeth!"

"What's bothering Big Red?" Sara asked.

"That damn—beg your pardon—that jammer."

Sara was silent for a moment, thoughtfully so. She was smiling when she looked at Stump again. "So Big Red wants a jammer?" she said. "And he's in town?"

"There," Stump said, "or in jail. He goes for a bottle when he gets mad. An' when Big Red gets tied up with a bottle there's trouble."

"That's too bad," Sara said.

Rack Tinker returned then, coming down the bank from the thick brush above the track. He took the two shackles from the back of his coat and tossed them to Stump. The stocky man inspected them sourly.

"These're junk!" he said.

"They'll do," Rack said. "How's White Hope?"

Stump set his jaw. "He's still mad. I'm tellin' yuh, Rack, if it keeps up I'm gonna kill me a Indian!"

Rack said, "Now, that would be a help."

Stump went off, grumbling something that was lost in the bellow of the cat's engine. Rack looked at Sara.

"Some days are like this," he said.

She smiled. "I'm trying to figure out where the sky line goes and how it will work. Mind telling me?"

"The cat's building the landing; we'll put the yarder there." Rack jerked a thumb at a giant spruce. "That's the spar tree. White Hope's working on it now. He'll be topping it before long."

Sara said, "Why, I didn't see him!"

"You didn't look up," he said.

THE spar tree was huge and straight and tall. White Hope was working far up near the bushy top. He moved as Sara watched. He leaned in against the tree, flipping his steel-cord safety rope up. Then he climbed. A saw swung below him. His ax was thrust in a loop at the back of his belt; a hand line hung from his belt to the ground.

"How high is he?" Sara asked.

Rack said, "About a hundred feet. If he falls, he'll have time to whistle most of Yankee Doodle before he hits bottom."

"You've a quaint sense of humor," Sara said.

White Hope's ax flashed in the sun. A branch sagged, broke free, and came crashing down. White Hope flipped the rope up and climbed again.

"We'll guy this tree," Rack said. "We'll hang the sky-line jack at the top of it. There's another spar tree on the other side of the canyon. We'll stretch the main line between them. Put a carriage on that line, and we've got an aerial tramway to carry the logs across the canyon."

Sara wrinkled her nose. "Start where the men chop down the trees and bring it up from there. I'm just a beginner, you know."

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[illegible] "We don't chop down trees: we fall them. The men who do that are fallers. When the trees are on the ground, the buckers cut the limbs off and saw the logs into lengths we can handle. Choker setters fasten cable to the logs and whistle to the double-drum operator. The double-drum yards the logs to a spar tree where the cats with logging arches can get hold of them." He looked at her. "Are you still with me?"

"Just what does yard mean?" she asked.

"To pull, haul, or drag," Rack said. "To get logs from one place to another."

"And what's a logging arch?"

"It's a sort of trailer. We hitch it to the back of a cat. The arch holds one end of the log off the ground, making it easy to pull. The cats with logging arches drag the logs down to a landing under the far end of the sky line. Swede brings them across the canyon and drops them in front of the loader. The loader puts them on railroad cars." Rack lifted one hand. "Want me to take 'em to the mill and saw 'em up for you?"

"No," Sara said. "I've seen that part."

"So it's simple enough," Rack said. "All we have to do is get out enough logs to meet that stumpage payment."

"You won't meet it. You can't!"

"We'll try," he said.

And he sent his glance aloft again. White Hope had finished the undercut on the far side of the tree. Now he was using the saw. Rack watched the high tip of the tree for the first sign of trembling.

"There it goes!" Sara said.

Slowly the top began to lean. White Hope freed the saw and dropped it. He braced himself, gloved hands on the safety line. Then the top was gone, falling free, and the whip thrash of its going shook the giant spruce. The top struck and bounced. The echo of that still rang through the gorge when White Hope's yell came down.

"Send me gear!"

Sara said, "What comes next?"

"He'll put a strap—a piece of cable—around the top of the tree. He'll shackle it there, and put the pass block in the shackle. Then we'll use the drum on the cat to send the rest of the gear up to him."

They watched the shackle and strap dance upward on the hand line. Rack turned to the speeder and climbed aboard. He pressed the starter; the engine caught.

"All aboard," he said.

And White Hope yelled. He swung his arm and metal glittered as it flashed down. Stump ducked and ran. The shackle thudded on the earthen floor of the landing.

"Send me a good one!" White Hope shouted.

"Yah!" Stump howled. "Like hell I will!"

He found a rock and threw it at White Hope. His throw was short and he tried another. Then the cable strap came hissing down. "Missed me!" Stump jeered. "Missed me a solid mile!"

Sara was silent throughout the ride to camp. When Rack braked the speeder to a stop, she climbed off and stood facing him. There was a seriousness about her, at odds with the smudge of dirt on the tip of her nose. Rack suppressed a chuckle.

"You'll have to give it up," she said.

"No, Miss Bishop. Not till the eighteenth."

"Why not be sensible? You can't get the sky line running in time to meet the stumpage payment. Your equipment's worn out; your men squabble like children."

"I'd rather they'd fight than sit flat on their pants and wait for some one to tell them what to do."

"You haven't a chance! You know that!"

Gravely he said, "We think we have."

"Would you like to bet?" she snapped.

"Why, yes." The wry smile was on his lips again. "I'll make a bet with you. One buck. Even money."

GALE NORDLUND came to Broken River late Sunday morning. She found the camp deserted except for Addie Tinker. Addie was baking bread.

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Gale said, "I saw Red in town this morning."

Addie appeared indifferent. "Sober?" she asked.

"I didn't get that close."

"Probably drunk," Addie decided. "It's that infernal jammer. He's like a kid about it. He can't have one, so he pouts—only, Jerome can't pout without a snootful."

"You don't seem upset."

"Not about him getting drunk." Addie scratched her long nose with her wrist, left a smear of flour there. "I was kinda hopin'—God forgive me—that he'd wear his mad out gettin' drunk. If he don't, he's liable to do somethin' worse."

Gale was amused. "There's not much he could do."

"Jerome?" Addie shook her head. "If he could make money like he c'n devilment, we'd be a sight too rich to get to heaven."

"You have a time," Gale said.

She left Addie to her bread-baking. She took a trail that wound steeply upward through groves of fir and hemlock. In five minutes she'd climbed two hundred feet in elevation. Presently the trees gave way to a clearing, and here Gale paused for breath.

Still ahead, and still higher, a plume of steam marked the loader. The myrtle grove was to the right, and Gale saw a cat there, crawling away with a load of logs. Below her, Broken River camp was lost from view. Beyond the river, the hills rolled steadily toward the ocean. All the hills as far as Gale could see were bare of trees and yet all were green. The rich dark green of new growth.

"Our future—Broken River's future. . . ."

RACK had said that, pointing to the new growth from this same clearing. And he'd gone on to tell her how slash disposal, fire prevention, and seed sources would some day bring the Broken River holdings to the point of perpetual yield. "Not in our time," he said, "but some day. For our kids, maybe. . . ."

He'd explained that logging and loggers had come a long way from the timber pirates of Roarin' Bill Bishop's day. They were farmers now. Their timber was a crop. A crop to be harvested, to be planted and grown again.

Gale turned to the path again. She crossed the clearing and, in timber once more, climbed a small knoll. Ahead the trail dropped into a shallow gully, and on the far side lifted steeply to the level of the loader. Gale was at the crest of the knoll when she saw Rack Tinker across the gully striding toward her.

An idea, half-formed, that she might surprise him, took Gale away from the trail to a hiding place behind the roots of an overturned snag. She could see a portion of the trail, and she waited there. It was not Rack who appeared then; it was Lily Jaspers.

Gale was about to show herself, when Rack Tinker appeared. He called to Lily. Lily waited. Gale was torn by indecision. She could leave her hiding place and embarrass them, or she could remain and embarrass herself. She chose the latter, for Rack took Lily's arm and they came on together.

Rack was speaking to Lily, his face grave and brown. Lily's dark eyes were lifted; the full curve of her mouth was faintly amused. There was no restraint in the girl now; none of the stiffness she'd shown the others.

Rack said something Gale did not hear.

Lily's eyes went to Rack's face, searching. Her amusement deepened to a soft laugh. "Are you ashamed of it, Rack?"

"You know I'm not," Rack said. "But we've got this spruce to log—everything depends on it. After that, I'll tell it myself. Right now, you've got to forget the whole thing."

"Some things a girl likes to remember."

"Not this, Lily."

"Yes, this," Lily said. "You were good to me. People aren't often good to Lily. They use her and throw her away. . . ."

And the rest was thankfully lost to Gale as they turned out of sight down the trail. She found she hadn't breathed through those moments, that her breast ached because of it. She left her hiding place, taking the trail toward the loader.

The trail broke into a clearing above the loader. Gale sat on a cull log near the tracks, huddled and cold. Her mind followed Rack and Lily down the trail.

"Snap my suspenders!" some one said. "If it ain't the angel of Broken River."

Stump, small and impish, grinned up from the track. He hopped the ditch and climbed up to sit at her side. After bending his head to scan her face, he laughed. "Gosh, honey, don't nobody love you?"

Gale tried a smile. "You do, Stump."

Stump bobbed his head. "Now you're bushelin'!"

And the talk turned to the myrtle wood, to the spruce in God's Pocket. "We got the spar tree on this side rigged yesterday," Stump said. "We got fallers in there now." He was worried about the rigging. "That secondhand main line don't look so good to me." And he wished they could buy Big Red his jammer. "Just to shut him up," Stump said, "to get a little peace in camp."

Gale said, "He can't have one. Not and meet the next Bishop payment."

"That payment!" Stump held his head. "It's got me pickin' at the bedclothes."

They'd been talking perhaps fifteen minutes when Rack Tinker appeared on the track below. He climbed the bank to them, his face wearing a normal smile.

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NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

"Well, Gale," he said, "how'd you get here?"

"I came by the track," Gale said.

Stump's face wrinkled in puzzlement. "That's funny," he said. "I been down there fixin' a rail all mornin'. I shoulda seen you . . ."

Gale was conscious of Rack's eyes on her, sharp and inquiring. She turned to Stump. "You weren't there when I came by. Maybe you were asleep under a log."

"No, I—"

Stump caught Gale's direct look, and broke it off. After a quick glance at Rack, he tried again, fumbling.

"Come to think of it, I did go after a drink. That's when it was—it musta been."

Stump was not a capable liar. Rack's look became more intent. He watched Gale, waiting for the right explanation. Gale got to her feet and handed him the contract she'd brought from town.

"Clyde wants you to read it and sign it now."

Her chin was up, defiant. Rack's face turned thoughtful. He spread the contract on his knee and signed it. He kept a copy and gave one back to Gale. "I'll read it later," he said, watching her face. "Clyde I can trust—he never kids me"—and when Gale said nothing. he added—"like some people I know."

Gale smiled as if she hadn't heard. "I've got to run, Rack." Turning to Stump, she said, "Will you take me down on the speeder?"

With relief, Stump said, "By golly, yes!"

After they'd gone, after the speeder was safely out of sight, Rack Tinker kicked a piece of bark across the track and halfway down the lower slope. He did it out of anger—anger at himself. Here was a time he'd opened his mouth and fixed things right!

Gale had come by the trail; Stump had made that clear enough. But Rack hadn't seen her. That meant she had been hiding. She'd seen him with Lily. She'd heard them talking. How much she had heard was a question. Enough, Rack thought bitterly, to hit her, like a kick in the stomach. . . .

IT was dusk, the others were long in camp, when Rack put the speeder in the shed. Addie Tinker was in the door of her cabin.

Rack leaned on the gate. "No Jerome?"

"Nope." Addie wrapped her long arms in her apron, a tired gesture. "I don't hardly expect him now."

"A three-day drunk at least," Rack agreed.

Rack went on to his cabin. On the wall was the calendar with the eighteenth of December in a sharp black circle. He stood there a moment—thinking.

He was alone. Being alone, his face took the expression that was entirely its own. The usual wry twist of his lips was gone. He looked at the date without frowning.

He was like that when he heard a splatter of voices outside. Turning to the window, he saw Big Red Tinker and Sara Bishop talking to Stump in front of the next cabin down. Rack opened the door. Big Red and Sara Bishop left Stump and came on to stop at his gate.

"We're havin' a meetin'," Big Red announced. "Stump's gettin' the boys together. We'll get Addie and come back."

Big Red's voice was not blustering, quite, but it was louder than necessary. He was not drunk, Rack saw. There were signs he had been, but he was not now.

"You'd better see Addie alone," Rack said. "I'll entertain the lady."

Big Red looked at Sara doubtfully.

Sara said, "Of course."

BIG RED went on to the Tinker cabin. Sara Bishop came through the gate. Her whole bearing was confident, Rack decided. He straddled a chair and considered her a long moment.

"When you look like that," he said at last, "I get a peculiar itching between my shoulder blades."

Her smile widened. "Why, Mr. Tinker?"

"You're gloating."

She said, "As a matter of fact, I am."

"Tell me about it—give me the knife."

"Shall we wait for the rest?"

Rack made an impatient gesture. His brows had moved into a hard straight line. She turned her back to him and looked out the window.

Big Red was back with Addie in a few moments. Addie looked questioningly at Rack. "It's their show," Rack said. "I'm a stranger here myself." His chin was on crossed arms that rested on the chair back. Addie's gaunt face became worried. Big Red coughed nervously.

Addie said, "Jerome, what on earth—"

"We'll wait for the others," Rack said.

His direct gaze was for Big Red now. Big Red moved uneasily. He was a small boy now, who'd done something wrong. Sara Bishop turned from the window.

"They're here," she said.

Rack leaned back in his chair to twist the doorknob. Stump came in first, then White Hope, Angel Murphy, Swede Berg, and Roughhouse. No new men—only the old hands of Broken River. The ebullient Roughhouse had a grin for all of them.

"A wake," he said. "Where's the remains?"

The crack was received in wooden silence.

"Sit down," Rack said, without turning.

They found places, their feet scuffing the quiet of the room. Their faces became sober; a worried question grew in their eyes.

Big Red got to his feet. He was

awkward with strain. The liquid shine of sweat was on his face.

Rack said, "Well, president?"

"President," Big Red said. "Funny, ain't it?"

And now he'd found something he needed. His uncertainty gave way to sudden anger.

"Yeah, it's funny." Big Red hit his chest with a stiff thumb. "Me—the president of anything. It's a joke, all right. Everybody gets a laugh out of it. I laugh myself. Only maybe I don't think it's so funny. Maybe I gotta laugh because you do."

He looked at them, glaring a little. They were all quiet, waiting.

"Take it back where it started," Big Red said. "I won the outfit in a crap game. Anybody could do it. But I kept it together through some damn tough times. But now we got a contract . . ." He lifted both big fists "All of a sudden I ain't good enough. I ain't got brains enough to find the seat of my pants with both hands!"

Addie Tinker said, "Jerome—"

Big Red was not to be turned aside. "I ain't runnin' things no more. Rack's pullin' the levers. Everybody's willin' he should. That's me, too. I'll let him run the show. Up to a place. When he gets it fouled so I'm gonna lose my camp, I'm gonna do something."

"I'm going to lose the camp?" Rack asked.

BIG RED turned on him. "You figured a way to meet that stumpage payment?"

"Not yet," Rack said.

"If we don't pay it, we're sunk, ain't we? We lose the works, don't we? And the senator too?"

"That's right," Rack said.

Big Red looked at the others. "There you got it! Two-blocked. I'll be damned if I c'n hide behind a stump when trouble's bitin' me. Give me trouble an' I take it by the face."

"You took it by the face?" Rack asked.

"I did," Big Red said. "I talked to Horton. Yeah, you don't like him, boy. Neither do I. But I ain't blockheaded enough to let it come between me and my brains. I give him the spruce. I can do it—it's my outfit. He's gonna use our railroad. Pay us damn good rates. Enough to put us clear o' trouble from now on. Besides that, I get a fine piece of equipment for the outfit. I get a jammer . . ."

Rack said, "You sold us out for a jammer."

"The hell I did. I saved our hides!"

"You sold us out," Rack repeated.

And he pushed up on wide-spread feet. His face was gray and rigid. He lifted the chair out of the way with one hand, with fingers white-knuckled and strong enough to crack it in splinters. Without taking his eyes from Big Red, he spoke to the others.

"All of you," he said, "get out!"

Wretchedly Addie said, "Rack, please—"

"Let 'em stay," Big Red said. A trickle of sweat moved down his cheek. "It's their show. Let 'em talk."

"All right," Rack said. "Talk, anybody."

No one said a word through a long moment. Sara Bishop spoke then, nervously, exasperated. "Are you men or children?" she snapped. "Red has done the right thing—"

Rack said, "That's enough. Now get out!"

"I won't!" Sara Bishop's voice was tight.

The others moved—without speaking, without expression. Addie stood a moment, looking from Rack to Big Red. Then, turning abruptly, she followed the men through the door.

"Bishop," Rack said, "are you going?"

"No!" Sara Bishop stamped her foot. "I'm partly responsible—I won't have you acting like this. I—"

She never finished it. Her breath caught in her throat and she watched in a terrible fascination.

For Rack was moving, moving toward Big Red Tinker. His body was taut, hard. His hands swung flatly open at his sides. Big Red watched him, and again uncertainty was in the man.

"Now, look," he said. "You ain't—"

"You sold us out," Rack said.

His tone left no room for argument. Argument was past; ahead lay only payment. Big Red was not sure what the payment might be. He waited.

Rack stopped within reach of him. He paused for a moment. Methodically he made a fist of his left hand. He brought the fist up sharply, and cut Big Red across the mouth.

Big Red's head snapped down against his shoulder. He was too solidly on his feet to fall. There was disbelief in his eyes, a floating hurt. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. From his fingers to his wrist was a raw smear of blood. His eyes came up to search Rack's face.

"Boy," he whispered, "you hit me. . . ."

He raised a fist, a big fist, to strike back. But he never used it. The life had suddenly gone out of his eyes. His people had turned on him. Only Rack had remained . . . to hit him once. A punishment for a wrong. That he had done wrong was made clear by the empty room, and the size of that wrong was in the fact that Rack, the boy he'd raised, had struck him. He pushed past Rack to the door . . . and through the door.

Sara Bishop covered her face with her hands. Rack came to stand before her. Weariness had hold of him now, the turn of his mouth was bitter.

"You," he said. "What've you got to cry about?"

Has Rack's work gone for nothing? Have Sara Bishop and Sam Horton won, after all? There are surprises next week—and a threat of more trouble.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

Claudia and David love their farm but find their life is not always peaceful—and rarely serene.

David looks on wonderingly as his delightfully mad wife and mother-in-law sing an ode to an egg.

But in the normal course of life's events, Claudia is shaken out of the clouds. David tries to help.

CLAUDIA

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire

CLAUDIA is one of those movies that sends you out of the theater mopping your eyes and chuckling at the same time—and saying, "That was a *good* picture."

It is unashamedly sentimental, tenderly humorous, as real as apple pie and—for those who missed the original John Golden stage production—a solid treat.

Claudia is a story about newlyweds—not the "biscuits like baseballs" type of plot, but an intelligent, and humorous, treatment of the problems of marital adjustment. Claudia (Dorothy McGuire) is the not-too-matured bride of David Naughton (Robert Young). Among other things, she is troubled by an unbalanced checkbook, a feeling that she is not glamorous enough for David, and an overpowering devotion to her mother (Ina Claire). The fact that she is never completely happy unless her mother is with her is the only unhappy thing in the Naughtons' married life.

But life goes on pleasantly at the Naughtons' Connecticut farm. David tries to decipher the hieroglyphics in Claudia's checkbook and she settles the matter by writing the bank a nasty letter accusing them of cheating her. To prove she really is a desirable woman, she dresses up in a slinky gown, slathers perfume all over her, and lets her writer-neighbor (Reginald Gardiner) kiss her.

When David walks in, her answer is so typically Claudia that he can't even get angry. Then suddenly two things happen that make Claudia grow up in a hurry. She finds she is going to have a baby—and that her mother is fatally ill.

The smooth transition from gay, charming comedy to warm drama and the hopeful yet tragic note on which the picture ends is a credit to Director Edmund Goulding and Writer Morrie Ryskind who adapted the Rose Franken play for the screen.

Credit, too, must go to the cast for the sensitive, believable manner in which they handle their roles, but it is Dorothy McGuire, newcomer to Hollywood, who will rate your huzzas. This leggy, pert girl who originated the Claudia role on the stage *is* Claudia. You have no feeling that she is acting or reading lines, so real and intense is her portrayal of the unpredictable, slightly harebrained "child" bride. Watch her—she's heading right for the top—and she deserves it.

THE FALLEN SPARROW

(RKO)

John Garfield
Maureen O'Hara
Walter Slezak

HERE'S a second-rate melodrama based on Dorothy B. Hughes' first-rate thriller. It concerns a veteran of the Spanish Civil War (John Garfield) who, after a taste of Fascist torture, returns to New York to seek vengeance. He wends his way through a maze of European refugees—some of whom, it seems, are Axis agents out gunning for him. Garfield, with characteristic pugnacity, eventually gets revenge, but he fails to get the girl (Maureen O'Hara) who has pitched her allegiance in the enemy camp. The movie isn't half so exciting as it sounds. An avalanche of climaxes succeeds only in making the conclusion seem anticlimactic. The Fallen Sparrow is saved from mediocrity, however, by the interesting performances of Garfield and rotund Walter Slezak.

HOLY MATRIMONY

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

Monty Woolley
Gracie Fields

WHEN a pair of veteran humorists appear together in a comedy written and produced by Nunnally Johnson, you might reasonably expect an extremely entertaining movie. Holy Matrimony won't live up to your expectations, however, for Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields have been deliberately miscast away from their own very special kind of roles. Woolley portrays an eccentric painter who poses as his deceased butler (Eric Blore) and inherits from him an amiable cockney fiancée (Gracie Fields). The ensuing complications are endless—but not always funny. Although the material is responsible for the pedestrian and overly sentimental results, a little of the old Woolley wit and a song or two by Gracie Fields would have made it less disappointing.

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PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
BEHIND THE RISING SUN (RKO) **Margo, Tom Neal**	*Melodrama* (the development of an American-educated Japanese boy into a bloodthirsty "warrior").	Compelling movie . . . some sequences slightly far-fetched—but good on the whole. (8-28-43)
BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M) **Lucille Ball, William Gaxton**	*Musical comedy* (a glamorous movie star spends a hectic weekend at a boys' military academy).	From the Broadway play . . . fresh-as-paint production numbers . . . good tunes . . . nicely paced and thoroughly entertaining. (8-14-43)
DIXIE (Paramount) **Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour**	*Musical* (the development of the art of minstrelsy—via the life of Dan Emmett, first minstrel).	Not up to Bing's other pictures . . . too much "formula" . . . vague story makes it merely mediocre. (7-24-43)
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) **Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou**	*Drama* (the screen version of Ernest Hemingway's great novel of love and war in Spain).	One of the *must* pictures of this or any other year . . . long, perhaps, but superb in action and direction. Breath-taking Technicolor. (8-28-43)
HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) **Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn**	*Comedy-drama* (a man dies and applies for admittance to hell, sure heaven won't have him. He tells the story of his life).	Delightful and adult satire . . . moves at a sprightly pace . . . good cast . . . witty and subtle situations and dialogue. (8-21-43)
LET'S FACE IT (Paramount) **Bob Hope, Betty Hutton**	*Comedy* (three soldiers gigolo three women for $300. But their fiancées find out—and so do their dates' husbands!).	From the Fields-Cole Porter musical . . . not quite up to other Hope films, but good chuckle provoker . . . worth catching. (9-18-43)
MISSION TO MOSCOW (Warner Bros.) **Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka**	*Drama* (living history. Ambassador to Russia Davies' report on the Soviet Union).	Intellectual achievement . . . vital, gripping, dramatic . . . cast superb . . . a tribute to our ally. (6-19-43)
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) **Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard**	*Drama* (the stirring story of the first American women at the front lines—Army nurses on Bataan).	Vital . . . authentic and stirring war film . . . casting is just about perfect. (8-7-43)
THE CONSTANT NYMPH (Warner Bros.) **Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine**	*Melodrama* (the story of the "mad" Sanger family taken from Margaret Kennedy's famous novel of the '20s).	Dated story . . . mannered and forced now . . . old-fashioned, romantic escapist entertainment . . . good cast. (7-31-43)
THE SKY'S THE LIMIT (RKO) **Fred Astaire, Joan Leslie, Robert Benchley**	*Musical comedy* (a Flying Tiger—incognito—and a magazine photographer—pretty—make a good dance team).	Not as good as the usual Astaire dance film (this is his sixteenth) . . . good music and dancing but weak plot. (9-4-43)
THIS IS THE ARMY (Warner Bros.) **U. S. Army**	*Musical* (movie version of those two great all-soldier shows—Yip Yip, Yaphank and This Is the Army).	As good as the original—and better in spots . . . heart-warming film packed solid with entertainment. (9-11-43)
WATCH ON THE RHINE (Warner Bros.) **Paul Lukas, Bette Davis**	*Drama* (the story of an anti-Fascist who fights and lives for freedom).	Sensitive, intelligent movie . . . has depth and significance . . . wonderful script, acting . . . one of the year's best. (9-4-43)
WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED (Universal) **Richard Quine, Noah Beery, Jr.**	*Melodrama* (story of a Texas Aggie whose Japanese education makes him a suspect character).	Universal's tribute to one of America's outstanding colleges, Texas A. &. M. . . . interesting film. (9-11-43)

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

FOOD FOR THOUGHT: The usual old-fashioned sweet tooth is missing from the capable jaws of three-year-old Sammy Blank of Brooklyn. When his mother isn't looking, he quietly sneaks a toothsome tidbit of glass or a tasty morsel of metal. Not long ago when Opportunity knocked, he tucked away two sizable slivers of razor blades. Fortunately his fatigued but doting mother noticed the blade remnants and suspected the worst. An X-ray at Beth-El Hospital showed he had not aroused her fears for naught: the slivers had

reached the lower stomach, but Sammy was feeling O. K. They eventually made their exit without damaging the boy, for whom a diet was forthwith designed to satisfy his craving for iron. Plenty of lollipops, raisins, and jam now figure in his bill of fare. Not bad. . . . "The fleshy red fruit of roses known as rose 'hips' have been found to contain so large a percentage of vitamin C that a heaping dessertspoonful of rose hips marmalade made, for example, from the *Rosa rugosa* will provide at least as much vitamin C as a four-ounce glass of orange juice," says Mrs. Virgene Kavanagh in The Journal of the New York Botanical Garden. There are other roses even richer in C, says she, but I'll still take orange juice, if I can get it. The hip business is nice to know about, however, in case oranges soar any higher.

OCTOPUS: When General Giraud visited Washington, he was escorted through the various tentacles of the War Department's colossal Pentagon Building. After trudging around the labyrinthine corridors of the world's largest office building, he was finally led, panting, into the great outdoors. Whereupon the dazzled general observed, "I've escaped from two German prisons, but I'd never be able to get out of this without a guide!"

NUTTY BUT NICE: Office wall motto borrowed from Ed Swazey, who claims it's not an original: YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO WORK HERE . . . BUT IT HELPS A HELL OF A LOT.

GOOD SOLDIERS: Two women of Waterloo, Iowa, are employed by the city as garbage collectors. It is said the experiment is highly successful because "most women are more interested in cleaning up garbage than most men." . . . Women laborers have been recruited for work as street cleaners by the City Service Commission of Baltimore, Maryland. They are required to meet the same physical standards as men. . . . In Wilmette, Illinois, the Public Service Company employs women gas-meter readers. Good soldiers—these girls behind the men behind the guns. A doff of the hat to all women who take the *un*glamorous but vital civilian jobs.

On the Loose

I'm baffled by my garden plot.
It seems my luck has gone to pot.
Pot Luck's the name I'll give the spot.

My rakish vegetables clash
And mingle in a manner rash—
My corn and beans are succotash!

CARRYING ON: Female shoulders are attaining the muscles and proportions of a football player's, thanks to ODT regulations restricting deliveries of department-store merchandise. Unless modom shops by mail or phone, she must carry packages weighing less than five

pounds or measuring less than sixty inches in length plus girth. Conscientious shoppers started long ago to roll their own, and many invested in wheeled baskets, which range from $2.77 up. . . . While on the subject of rolling stock, I feel it is my duty to report the fact that a Super Market in Rockland, Maine, has found it necessary to display a sign beseeching mothers not to roll their young in the grocery perambulators. And Super Markets in New York warn customers that their baskets-on-wheels are for groceries, not live stock.

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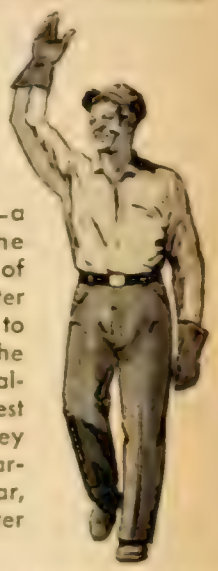

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GIRL MEETS VISION

Continued from Page 17

mediately. She advised a "cultural background." So, following her graduation from Monte Cassino, Jennifer enrolled in Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois. During the summer she worked with both the Ted North Players and the Harley Sadler Players.

"If you want to act," said her father, "go to Hollywood. That's the only place you can make any money out of it." He offered to write her a letter of introduction.

But Jennifer had only scorn for Hollywood and money. She finally persuaded her reluctant father to send her to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York for one year. That was 1937. In New York she lived at the Barbizon, ate sparingly at soda fountains, and from nine to six attended classes in stage technique. In one of her classes was Diana Barrymore. And so was a personable young chap named Robert Walker. He had been the most promising amateur actor at the San Diego Army and Navy Academy, and his aunt, Mrs. Hortense Odlum of Bonwit Teller's, had offered to see him through a year at the Academy. Bob and Jennifer played love scenes together from two to four, and soon discovered that they weren't just play-acting.

THE story of these two talented youngsters is about the most refreshing thing to come out of cynical Hollywood in years. After a year at the Academy they made a fruitless round of the theatrical agencies, then starved artistically at the Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village for several months. Then Jennifer received an offer from a radio station in her home town to take part in a series of dramatic plays. She managed to wangle Bob in at twenty-five dollars a week, and the two kids left for Tulsa. After fourteen weeks of steady work on the radio, they figured they had saved enough to get married. They were married on January 2, 1939, in Tulsa.

A talent scout persuaded them that they had brilliant futures in Hollywood. He was prophetic all right, but premature. They took a fling at Hollywood. After six months, broke and discouraged, they headed back for New York. Jennifer took time out to have the family they had planned for, and to support his family Bob took whatever job he could get. When he tried radio he clicked.

With Bobby and Michael safely in their high chairs eating their spinach, Jennifer decided to resume her career. Her agent arranged an interview with David Selznick, who promptly put her under contract and soon summoned her to the Coast to play in the Saroyan one-act play, Hello, Out There, at the Lobero Theater in Santa Barbara. It was a curtain raiser to Shaw's The Devil's Disciple, starring Janet Gaynor and Alan Marshal. To the surprise of every one except Saroyan, the one-acter grabbed off all the good notices. Later, when Saroyan, a member of Uncle Sam's armed forces, read that Jennifer had been chosen to play Bernadette, he wrote her: "After you become a big star because of Bernadette you may want to play the lead again in a Saroyan play. Let me know when that is and I will write a play for you. If I can find time between drills."

But meanwhile there followed a year of nothing. Bob was a big hit on the Myrt and Marge program. Jennifer just sat and waited for wires that never came. David Selznick never seemed to get around to producing The Keys of the Kingdom, for which he had signed her. She had made up her mind to ask for the release of her contract when he wired her to come to Hollywood immediately to test for Bernadette.

For weeks she worried for fear she wouldn't get the part—and for fear she would. She had read of all kinds of dreadful things that happened to the husbands of Hollywood stars. When at last she knew definitely she was Bernadette, she rushed home to break the news over long distance to Bob and urge him to join her and the children in Hollywood. For two days she tried to reach him. No one answered. On the third day, when she was ready to call everything off and take the next train back to New York, she came home from the studio and found Bob sitting on the curb in front of the house, grinning from ear to ear.

BOB WALKER had no intention of being lost in the shuffle. Several weeks after Jennifer left for Hollywood he went to the M-G-M offices in New York and talked them into giving him a screen test. Louis B. Mayer happened to be in town at the time, saw the test, and had Bob sign a contract. He was told to leave right away for Hollywood to play the part of the boyish sailor in Bataan.

As soon as the studio executives saw the rushes on Bataan they knew they had a "find." When the picture was sneak-previewed in Huntington Park, Robert Taylor, the star of it, said in all sincerity, "This isn't a Robert Taylor picture; it's a Robert Walker picture. The kid steals every scene. He's great." Even more flattering were the audience preview cards.

The press discovered Bob Walker after the regular preview in Westwood Village, and devoted a large part of their reviews to raves about him. Jennifer and Bob attended this preview, and Jennifer says one of the thrills of her life occurred when they were leaving the theater. The usher stopped Bob and said, "When you came in tonight, Mr. Walker, you were just another guy. But when you went out you were a star."

M-G-M immediately put Bob into the third lead in their expensive production of Madame Curie, starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. And next they handed him the part of Private Hargrove in See Here, Private Hargrove.

If David Selznick ever thought he could brush off Robert Walker, he has since changed his mind. He's cast him for an important part in Since You Went Away, starring Claudette Colbert, Shirley Temple, and Jennifer Jones, which goes into production in the early fall.

Mr. Walker is doing fine. He doesn't have to worry about being called "Mr. Jones." In fact, his meteoric rise might well eclipse even that of Jennifer—which would be all right with Mrs. Robert Walker.

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

OWEPINION: What your creditors have of you.

JUVENAISLE: Passageway in a kindergarten.

LLAMATEUR: The first time he tried to ride one.

QUINDROOPLETS: The Dionnes on a hot summer's day.

DESPAIRROW: One of those common little birds in the horseless age.

STRUTEGIST: A pompous general.

JEWELEP: The Southern colonel mixed a gem of a drink.

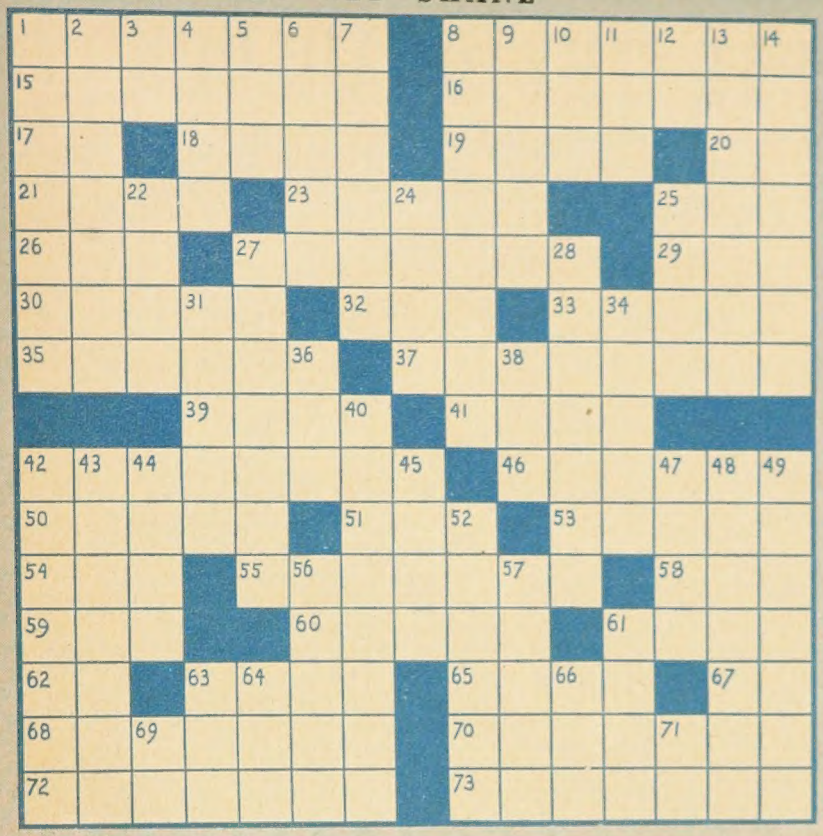
DEBAIT: Argument between two fishworms.

DAYLUGE: Heavy showers in the forenoon.

SAUCERESS: The little woman turning on the charm while washing dishes.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Mocking birds
8 Guy with one headlamp
15 Why marry, when you can buy this on the newsstand?
16 Sun's first Corona
17 How to greet an egotist
18 Skidded home on one's piazza
19 It lives on a nickel diet
20 Extruding Aspidistras (abbr.)
21 If's notta dawg, whats it?
23 Glue one on the ugly mush
25 Isn't without it
26 First Diesel, run by manpower
27 He spares no pains to bore you to death
29 A curve between two black eyes
30 The Japs'll soon say this —and Sam!
32 Wouldn't Hot this be a swell name for a Chinaman?
33 Hammed
35 The S. in George Bernard S. (pl.)
37 Sweet essence of honey
39 Except for one letter, this'd be the stingiest fish
41 Whatta clown!
42 Hairshirts
46 They're providing plenty of Hamburgers around Germany
50 The seasonable lady Sainte (Soo me!)
51 Herrings Exude Scentiment (abbr.)
53 Boot sonny through the college portals for gaining no mental yardage
54 Foreword

Last week's answer

55 Glamaromarized
58 Man's first brake
59 They live in hormoney in libidos
60 Extremist
61 Age of young ideas
62 The Tom Thumb state (abbr.)
63 Mussolini in a zoot sheet
65 Adrift with a loose mental rudder
67 Hollow road
68 To cure diabetes add this to injury
70 Rid of insects, including dictators
72 They have millions of unwanted points
73 Just an old cut-up

VERTICAL

1 Edible fog (two words)
2 U-boat Xers (two words)
3 Roman Quislings (abbr.)
4 Iron gangrene
5 What Hitler hoped to get from the Carcasses
6 Cow baloney
7 Mobile homes, at home immobile
8 Only thing that clicks in Spain (Shane's spelling)
9 Christmastide (pl.)
10 What Magnons and ravens do
11 Greenlight (verb)
12 A couple of Zeros
13 What drink after heat, dessert after meat, does
14 A beach of a place to vacation
22 Glorified croquet wicket
24 Wild West bridge
25 Hiro to the Japs, bum to U. S.
27 Dutch notables or what shrewd Brooklynites live by (two words)
28 Snitched
31 Gals have sniffles on this suitable spot
34 Cross French war heroes wear
36 Bed slat with athlete's foot
38 A kiss, nothing, and a bit of fluff
40 Military steps
42 Only thing Japs can take when retreating
43 Tin fish
44 Ball boppers
45 Dispatched
47 French spit
48 Gear Axis war machine's running in
49 Hey, gals, join the WAC and keep this!
52 Expensive old things to scrape up a living on (abbr.)
56 Mother Radium
57 Do away with this, and you'll do away with painted woman
61 New Mexican town
63 Screwball
64 Cockney 'Ades
66 Guido's warble word
69 Empty street
71 Huh's li'l' pal

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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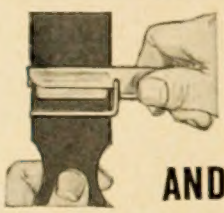

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LET'S BREAK THE DEADLOCK

Who's missing?

IN recent months a great deal has been said and written about the utter need of America and Britain getting along with Russia when the war is over. Even those most suspicious of Russia and mistrustful of her ideas recognize the necessity of coming to an understanding with her if a stable peace is to be set up and future war avoided.

The importance of Russia as a world power is evident, and even the sharpest critics of Soviet political philosophy honor the magnificent courage of her people. However, if friendly and mutually satisfactory postwar co-operation is not developed with Russia, the fault will lie more with her than with England and America.

The fact is both we and the English have made overtures aplenty to the Russians. We have invited them to sit in on conferences both military and political. We have earnestly sought for some concrete expression of their views and for some mutual point of agreement from which whatever differences exist could be adjusted. Even those writers who apparently think Russia can never be wrong about anything are beginning to wonder why she doesn't react in a more satisfactory manner to Anglo-American invitations to get together.

There are, of course, many differences of opinion between ourselves and the Russians which need to be talked out and settled. There are likewise many differences between ourselves and the British. However, with the British we seem able to get the cards on the table and progress steadily toward a working partnership. At the present writing we are progressing backward in our attempts to adjust affairs with Russia.

Past distrust between these three big nations—America, Russia, and Great Britain—for which no doubt there was plenty of reason, is all water over the dam now. Continuing to dwell on such past history gets us nowhere in the vital task of planning a new and better world.

This world must be planned essentially by these three nations, with due voice given to the ideas and hopes of other countries. The United States and Britain cannot proceed alone. But, so far, Russia has been extremely coy about putting her feet under the table with them.

Perhaps that's the way it has to be, but it is not the way to assure the kind of peace we all want. It would be tragic if the relationships between these important nations developed into a three-cornered case of pique and stand-offishness. It's time this deadlock was broken. America can break it by putting some definite ideas on the table. Then Russia, perhaps, will come out of her shell and we can all start talking. In any case, we won't be letting the brave new world go by default. But the only really "definite" ideas America can put forth are those reflecting the will of her people as expressed by Congressional resolution. The world hesitates to accept ideas presented by an American President or State Department. It remembers what happened last time. What is needed is some forthright action by Congress.

Paul Hunter

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